THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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JESSIE LORING;

OR,

THE HAND BUT NOT THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn.]

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Denison's fears were prophetic. Evil, not good, came of her well meant efforts to prevent the coming sacrifice. Instead of awakening generous impulses in the mind of Leon Dexter, only anger and jealousy were aroused; and as they gained strength, love withdrew itself, for love could not breathe the same atmosphere. The belief that Hendrickson was the man to whom Mrs. Denison referred, was fully confirmed by this fact. He had resolved to see Miss Loring that very evening, and was only a short distance from her home, and in sight of the door, when he saw a man ascend the steps and ring. He stopped and waited. A servant came to the door and the caller entered. For a time, the question was resolved as to whether he should follow, or not.

"It is Hendrickson. I'll wager my life on it!"—he muttered, grinding his teeth together. "There is a cursed plot on foot, and this insinuating, saintly Mrs. Denison, is one of the plotters! My very blood is seething at the thought. Shall I go in now, and confront him at his devilish work!"

"It were better not," he said, after a brief struggle with his feelings. "I am too excited, and cannot answer for myself. A false step now might ruin all. First, let me cage my singing bird, and then—"

He strode onwards and passed the house of Mrs. Loring with rapid steps. There was a light in the parlor, and he heard the sound of voices. Ten minutes after, he returned—the light was there still; but though he went by slowly, with noiseless footsteps—listening—not a murmur reached his ears.

"He is there, a subtle tempter, whispering his honeyed allurements!" It was the fiend Jealousy speaking in his heart. "Madness!" he ejaculated, and strode up the marble steps. *Grasping the bell, he resolved to enter. But* something held back his hand, and another voice said—"Wait! Wait! A single error now were fatal."

Slowly he descended, his ear bent to the windows, listening—slowly, still listening, he moved onwards again; his whole being convulsed in a stronger conflict of passion than he had ever known—reason at fault and perception blindfold.

A full half hour had elapsed, when Dexter reappeared. He was in a calmer frame of mind. Reason was less at fault, and perception clearer. His purpose was to go in now, confront Jessie and Mr. Hendrickson, and act from that point onward as the nature of the case might suggest. He glanced at the parlor windows. There was no light there now. The visitor had departed. He felt relieved, yet disappointed.

"Is Miss Loring at home?" he asked of the servant.

"Yes, sir." And he entered. The lights, which were burning low in the parlors, were raised, and Dexter sat down there and awaited the appearance of Jessie.

How should he meet her? With the warmth of a lover, or the distance of a mere acquaintance? Would it be wise to speak of his interview with Mrs. Denison, or let that subject pass untouched by even the remotest allusion? Mr. Dexter was still in debate, when he heard some one descending the stairs. Steps were in the passage near the door. He arose, and stood expectant.

"Miss Loring says, will you please excuse her this evening?"

"Excuse her!" Mr. Dexter could not veil his surprise. "Why does she wish to be excused, Mary?"

"I don't know, sir. She didn't say."

"Is she sick?"

"I don't think she is very well. Something isn't right with her, poor child!"

"What isn't right with her?"

"I dont know, sir. But she was crying when I went into her room."

"Crying?"

"Yes, sir; and she cries a great deal, all alone there by herself, sir," added Mary, who had her own reasons for believing that Dexter was not really the heart-choice of Jessie—and with the tact of her sex, took it upon herself to throw a little cold water over his ardor. It may be that she hoped to give it a thorough chill.

"What does she cry about, Mary?"

"Dear knows, sir! I often wonder to see it, and she so soon to be married. It doesn't look just natural. There's something wrong."

"Wrong? How wrong, Mary?"

"That's just what I've asked myself over and over again," replied the girl.

"She had a visitor here to-night," said Dexter, after a moment or two. He tried to speak indifferently; but the quick perception of Mary detected the covert interest in his tones.

"Yes." A single cold monosyllable was her reply.

"Who was it?"

"Deed I don't know, sir."

"Was it a stranger?"

"I didn't see him, sir," answered Mary.

"You let him in?"

"No, sir. The cook went to the door."

Dexter bit his lips with disappointment.

"Will you say to Miss Loring that I wish to see her particularly, to-night."

Mary hesitated.

"Why don't you take up my request?" He spoke with covert impatience.

"I am sure she wishes to be excused to-night," persisted the girl.—"She's not at all herself; and it will be cruel to drag her down."

But Dexter waved his hand, and said, sharply,

"I wish to hear no more from you, Miss Pert! Go to Miss Loring, and tell her that she will confer a favor by seeing me this evening. I can receive no apology but sickness."

Jessie was sitting as Mary had left her, both hands covering her face, when that kind-hearted creature returned.

"It's too much!" exclaimed the girl, as she entered. "He must see you, he says. I told him you wasn't well, and wished to be excused. But no, he must see you!—Something's gone wrong with him. He's all out of sorts, and spoke as if he'd take my head off. He really frightened me!"

Jessie drew a long deep sigh.

"If I must I must," she said, rising and looking at her face in a mirror.

"I wouldn't go one step, Miss Jessie, if I were you. I'd like to see the man who dared order me down in this style! He's jealous; that's the long and short of it. Punish him—he deserves it."

"Jealous, Mary!" Miss Loring turned to the girl with a startled look. "Why do you say that!"

"Oh, he asked me if you hadn't a visitor to-night."

"Well!"

"I said yes. Only 'yes,' and no more."

"Why yes and no more!" asked Miss Loring.

"D'ye think I was going to gratify him? What business had he to ask whether you had a visitor or not? You ain't sold to him."

"Mary!" There was reproof in the look and voice of Miss Loring. "You must not speak so of Mr. Dexter."

"Well, I won't if it displeases you. But I was downright mad with him."

"You said yes to his question. What then, Mary?"

"Oh, then he wanted to know who it was."

"Did you tell him?"

"No."

"Why? And what did you answer?"

"I wasn't going to gratify him; and I said that I didn't know."

"Well?"

"'Was it a stranger?' said he. 'I didn't see him,' said I. 'You let him in?' said he. 'No, the cook went to the door,' said I. You should have seen him then. He was baffled. Then looking almost savage, he bid me tell you that you must see him to-night."

"*Must* see him! Did he say *must*?"

There was rebellion in Jessie's voice.

"Well, no, not just that word. But he looked and meant it, which is all the same."

"Then he doesn't know who called to see me!"

"Not for all he got from me, miss. But you're not going down!"

"Yes, Mary, I will see him as he desires. Go and say that I will join him in a few minutes."

The girl obeyed, and Jessie, after the struggle of a few moments with her feelings, went down to the parlor in which Mr. Dexter awaited her.

"I am sorry to learn that you are not well this evening," said the young man, as he advanced across the room, with his eyes fixed intently on the face of his betrothed. She tried to smile, and receive him with her usual kindness of manner. But this was impossible. She had been profoundly disturbed, and that too recently for self-possession.

"What ails you? Has anything happened?"

Jessie had not yet trusted her lips with words. The tones of Dexter evinced some fretfulness.

"I am not very well," she said, partly turning away her face that she might avoid the searching scrutiny of his eyes.

Dexter took her hand and led her to a sofa. They sat down, side by side, in silence—ice between them.

"Have you been indisposed all day?" inquired Dexter.

"I have not been very well for some time," was answered in a husky voice, and in a manner that he thought evasive.

Again there was silence.

"I called to see Mrs. Denison this evening," said Dexter; and then waited almost breathlessly for a response, looking at Jessie stealthily to note the effect of his words.

"Did you?"

There was scarcely a sign of interest in her voice.

"Yes. You have met her, I believe?"

"A few times."

"Have you seen her recently?"

"No."

Dexter gained nothing by this advance.

"What do you think of her?" he added, after a pause.

"She is a lady of fine social qualities and superior worth."

Again the young man was silent. He could not discover by Jessie's manner that she had any special interest in Mrs. Denison. This was some relief; for it removed the impression that there was an understanding between them.

"I don't admire her a great deal," he said, with an air of indifference. "She's a little too prying and curious: and, I'm afraid, likes to gossip."

"Ah! I thought her particularly free from that vice."

"I had that impression also. But my interview this evening gave me a different estimate of her character."

"Did you come from Mrs. Denison's directly here?" asked Jessie in a changed tone, as if some thought of more than common interest had flitted through her mind. This change Dexter did not fail to observe.

"I did," was his answer.

"Then I may infer," said Jessie, "that your pressing desire to see me this evening has grown out of something you heard from the lips of Mrs. Denison. *Am I right in this conclusion?*"

Dexter was not quite prepared for this. After slight hesitation he answered—

"Partly so."

The cold, indifferent manner of Jessie Loring passed away directly.

"If you have anything to communicate, as of course you have, say on, Mr. Dexter."

As little prepared was he for this; and quite as little for the almost stately air with which Jessie drew up her slight form, returning his glances with so steady a gaze that his eyes fell.

The hour and the opportunity had come. But Leon Dexter had neither the manliness nor the courage to speak.

"Did Mrs. Denison introduce my name!" asked Jessie, seeing that her lover had failed to answer. There was not a quiver in her voice, nor the slightest failing in her eyes.

"Yes; casually." Dexter spoke with evasion.

"What did she say?"

"Nothing but what was good," said Dexter, now trying to assume his wonted pleasant exterior. "What else could she say? You look as if there had been a case of slander."

"She said something in connexion with my name," Jessie answered firmly, "that disturbed you. Now, as you have disclosed so much, I must know all."

"I have made no disclosure." Dexter seemed annoyed.

"You said that you were at Mrs. Denison's."

"Yes."

"And said it with a meaning. I noticed both tone and manner. You came directly here, according to your own admission, and asked for me. I am not well, and desired to be excused. But you would take no excuse. Your manner to the servant was not only disturbed, but imperative. To me it is constrained, and altogether different from anything I have hitherto noticed. So much is disclosed. Now I wish you to go on and tell the whole story. Then we shall understand each other. What has Mrs. Denison said about me that has so ruffled your feelings?"

There was no retreat for the perplexed young man. He must go forward in some path—straight or tortuous—manly or evasive. There was too much apparent risk in the former; and so he chose the latter. All at once his exterior changed. The clouded brow put on a sunny aspect.

"Forgive me, dear Jessie!" he said with ardor, and a restored tenderness of manner. "True love has ever a touch of jealousy: and something that Mrs. Denison intimated aroused that darker passion. But the shadowed hour has passed, and I am in the clear sunlight again."

He raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it with fervor.

"What did she intimate?" asked Miss Loring. Her manner was less excited, and her tone less imperative.

"What I now see to be false," said Dexter. "I was disturbed, because I imagined intrigue, and a purpose to rob me of something I prize more dearly than life—the love of my Jessie."

"Intrigue!" was answered. "You fill me with surprise. "Mrs. Denison, if I understand her, is incapable of anything so dishonorable."

"I don't know." Mr. Dexter spoke with the manner of one in doubt, and as if questioning his own thoughts. "She has filled my mind with dark suspicions. "Why, Jessie!" and he assumed a more animated exterior, "she went so far as to intimate a disingenuous spirit in you!"

"In me!" Miss Loring's surprise was natural. "Disingenuousness!"

"That word is not the true one," said Dexter. "What she said meant something more."

"What!"

"That you were—but I will not pain your ears, darling! Forgive my foolish indignation. Love with me is so vital a thing, that the remotest suspicion of losing its object, brings smarting pain. You are all the world to me, Jessie, and the intimation—"

"Of what, Leon!"

He had left the sentence unfinished. Dexter was holding one of her hands. She did not attempt to withdraw it.

"That you were false to me!"

The words caused Miss Loring to spring to her feet. Bright spots burned on her cheeks, and her eyes flashed.

"False to you! What did she mean by such words?" they demanded.

"It was the entering wedge of suspicion," said Dexter. "But the trick has failed. My heart tells me that you are the soul of honor. If I was disturbed, is that a cause of wonder?—Would not such an allegation against me have disturbed you?—It would! But that your heart is pure and true as an angel's, I best know of all the living. Dear Jessie!" and he laid a kiss upon her burning cheek, "I shall never cease to blame myself for the part I have played this evening. Had I loved you less I had been calmer."

"False in what way!" asked Miss Loring, unsatisfied with so vague an answer.

"False to your vows, of course. What else could she mean?"

"Did she say that?"

"No—of course not. But she conveyed the meaning as clearly as if she had uttered the plainest language."

"What were her words?" asked Miss Loring.

"I cannot repeat them. She spoke with great caution, keeping remote, as to words, from the matter first in her thought, yet filling my mind with vague distrust, or firing it with jealousy at every sentence."

"Can you fix a single clear remark—something that I can repeat?"

"Not one. The whole interview impresses me like a dream. Only the disturbance remains. But let it pass as a dream, darling—a nightmare created by some spirit of evil. A single glance into your dear face and loving eyes rebukes my folly and accuses me of wrong. We are all the world to each other, and no shadow even shall come again between our souls and happiness."

Jessie resumed her seat and questioned no farther. Was she satisfied with the explanation? Of course not. But her lover was adroit, and she became passive.

"You cannot wonder now," he said, "that I was so anxious to see you this evening. I might have spared you this interview, and it would have been better, perhaps, if I had done so. But excited lovers are not always the most reasonable beings in the world. I could not have slept to-night. Now I shall find the sweetest slumber that has yet refreshed my spirit—and may your sleep, dearest, be gentle as the sleep of flowers! I will leave you now, for I remember that you are far from being well this evening. It will grieve me to think that my untimely intrusion and this disturbing hour may increase the pain you suffer or rob you of a moment's repose.—Good-night, love!" and he kissed her tenderly. "Good-night, precious one!" he added. "May angels be your companions through the dark watches, and bring you to a glorious morning!"

He left her, and moved towards the door; yet lingered, for his mind was not wholly at ease in regard to the state of Jessie's feelings. She had not repelled him in any way—but his ardent words and acts were too passively received. She was standing where he had parted from her, with her eyes upon the floor.

"Jessie!"

She looked up.

"Good-night, dear!"

"Good-night, Mr. Dexter."

"Mr Dexter!" The young man repeated the words between his teeth, as he passed into the street a moment afterwards. "Mr. Dexter! and in tones that were cold as an icicle!"

He strode away from the house of Mrs. Loring, but little comforted by his interview with Jessie, and with the fiend Jealousy a permanent guest in his heart.

THE UNWELCOME SUMMONS.

CHAPTER X.

Leon Dexter was not wrong in his suspicions. It was Hendrickson who visited Miss Loring on the evening of his interview with Mrs. Denison. The young man had striven, with all the power he possessed, to overcome his fruitless passion—but striven in vain.—The image of Miss Loring had burned itself into his heart, and become ineffaceable. The impression she had made upon him was different from that made by any woman he had yet chanced to meet, and he felt that, in some mysterious way, their destinies were bound up together. That, in her heart, she preferred him to the man who was about to sacrifice her at the marriage altar, he no longer doubted.

"Is it right to permit this sacrifice?" The question had thrust itself upon him for days and weeks. "Leon Dexter cannot fill the desire of her heart." Thus he talked with himself. "She does not love; and to such a woman a marriage unblessed by love must be a condition worse than death. No—no! It shall not be! Steadily she is moving on, nerved by a false sense of honor; and unless some one comes to the rescue, the fatal vow will be made that seals the doom of her happiness and mine. It must not—shall not be! Who so fitting as I to be her rescuer? She loves me! Eyes, lips, countenance, tones, gestures, all have been my witnesses. Only an hour too late! Too late? No—no! I will not believe the words! She shall yet be mine!"

It was in this spirit, and under the pressure of such feelings, that Paul Hendrickson visited Jessie Loring on the night Dexter saw him enter the house. The interview was not a very long one, as the reader knows. He sent up his card, and Miss Loring returned for answer, that she would see him in a few moments. Full five minutes elapsed before she left her room. It had taken her nearly all that time to school her agitated feelings; for, on seeing his name, her heart had leaped with an irrepressible impulse. She looked down into her heart, and questioned as to the meaning of this disturbance. The response was clear. Paul Hendrickson was more to her than any living man!

"He should have spared me an interview, alone," she said to herself. "Better for both of us not to meet."

This was her state of feeling, when, after repressing, as far as possible, every unruly emotion, she left her room and took her way down stairs.

"Is not this imprudent?" The mental question arrested the footsteps of Miss Loring, ere she had proceeded five paces from the door of her chamber.

"Is not what imprudent?" was answered back in her thoughts.

"What folly is this!" she said, in self-rebuke, and passed onward.

"Miss Loring!" There was too much feeling in Hendrickson's manner. But its repression, under the circumstances, was impossible.

"Mr. Hendrickson!" The voice of Miss Loring betrayed far more of inward disturbance than she wished to appear.

Their hands met. They looked into each other's eyes—then stood for some moments in mutual embarrassment.

"You are almost a stranger," said Jessie, conscious that any remark was better, under the circumstances, than silence.

"Am I?"

Hendrickson still held her hand, and still gazed into her eyes. The ardor of his glances reminded her of duty and of danger. Her hand disengaged itself from his—her eyes fell to the floor—a deep crimson suffused her countenance. They seated themselves—she on the sofa, and he on a chair drawn close beside, or rather nearly in front of her. How heavily beat the maiden's heart! What a pressure, almost to suffocation, was on her bosom! She felt an impending sense of danger, but lacked the resolve to flee.

"Miss Loring," said Hendrickson, his unsteady voice betraying his inward agitation, "when I last saw you—"

"Sir!" There was a sudden steraness in the young girl's voice, and a glance of warning in her eye. But the visitor was not to be driven from his purpose.

"It is not too late, Jessie Loring!" He spoke with eagerness.

She made a motion as if about to rise, but he said in a tone that restrained her.

"No, Miss Loring! You *must* hear what I have to say to-night."

She grew very pale; but looked at him steadily. So unexpected were his intimations—so imperative his manner, that she was, in a degree, bereft for the time of will.

"You should have spared me this, Mr. Hendrickson," she answered, sadly, and with a gentle rebuke in her tones.

"I would endure years of misery to save you from a moment's pain!" was quickly replied. "And it is in the hope of being able to call down Heaven's choicest blessings on your head, that I am here to-night. Let me, then, speak without reserve. Will you hear me!"

Miss Loring made no sign: only her eye-lids drooped slowly, until the bright orbs beneath were hidden, and the dark lashes lay softly on her colorless cheeks.

"There is one thing, Miss Loring," he began. "known to yourself and me alone. It is our secret. Nay!—do not go! Let me say on now, and I will ever after hold my peace. If this marriage contract, so unwisely made, is not broken, two lives will be made wretched—yours and mine. You do not love Mr. Dexter! You cannot love him! That were as impossible as for light to be enamored of dark—"

"I will not hear you!" exclaimed Miss Loring, starting to her feet. But Hendrickson caught her hand and restrained her by force.

"You must hear me!" he answered, passionately.

"I dare not!"

"This once! I must speak now, and you must hear! God has given you freedom of thought and freedom of will. Let both come into their true activity. The holiest things of your life demand this, Miss Loring. Sit down and be calm again, and let us talk calmly. I will repress all excitement, and speak with reason. You shall hearken and decide. There—I thank you—"

Jessie had resumed her seat.

"We have read each others' hearts, Miss Loring," Hendrickson went on. His voice had regained its firmness, and he spoke in low, deep, emphatic tones. "I, at least, have read yours, and you know mine. Against your own convictions, and your own feelings, you have been coerced into an engagement of marriage with a man you do not, and never can, love as a wife should love a husband. Consummate that engagement, and years of wretchedness lie before you. I say nothing of Mr. Dexter as regards honor, probity, and good feeling. I believe him to be a man of high integrity. His character before the world is blameless—his position one to be envied. But you do not love him—you cannot love him. Nay!—it is idle to repel the assertion. I have looked down too deeply into your heart. I know how its pulses beat, Jessie Loring! There is only one living man who has the power to unlock its treasures of affection To all others it must remain eternally sealed. I speak solemnly—not vainly. And your soul echoes the truth of my words. It is not yet too late!"

"You should not have said this, Mr. Hendrickson!" Jessie resolutely disengaged the hand he had taken and was clasping with almost a vice-like pressure, and arose to her feet. He did not rise, but sat looking up into her pale, suffering face, with the light of hope, which for a moment had flushed his own, fast decaying.

"You should not have said this, Mr. Hendrickson!" she repeated, in a steadier voice. "It is too late, and only makes my task the harder—my burden heavier. But, God helping me, I will walk forward in the right path, though my feet be lacerated at every step."

"Is it a right path, Miss Loring? I declare it to be the wrong path!" said Hendrickson.

"Let God and my own conscience judge!" was firmly answered. "And now, sir, leave me Oh, leave me!"

"And you are resolute?"

"I am! God being my helper, I will go forward in the path of duty. When I faint and fall by the way through weakness, the trial will end."

"Friends, wealth, social attractions—all that the world can give will be yours. But my way must be lonely—my heart desolate. I shall be—"

"Go, sir!" Miss Loring's voice was imperative, and there was a flash like indignation in her eyes. "Go, sir!" she repeated. "This is unmanly!"

The last sentence stung Mr. Hendrickson, and he arose quickly. Miss Loring, who saw the effect of her words, threw up, with a woman's quick instinct, this further barrier between them—

"I marvel, sir, knowing, as you do, the sacred obligations under which I rest, that you should have dared utter language such as my ears have been compelled to hear this night! I take it as no compliment, sir."

The young man attempted to speak; but with a sternness of manner that sent a chill to his heart, she motioned him to be silent, and went on—

"Let this, sir, be the last time you venture to repeat what I cannot but regard as dis—"

Dishonorable was the word on her lips, but she suddenly checked herself. She could not say that to him.

Waking or sleeping, alone or in society, for weeks, months and years afterwards, the image of that young man's despairing face, as she saw it then, was ever before her.

"Insult! Dishonor!" he said, as if speaking to himself. "I could die for her—but not that!—not that!"

And without a parting glance or a parting word, Paul Hendrickson turned from the woman who was destined to influence his whole life, and left her alone in his bewilderment and wretchedness. It is difficult to say on which heart the heaviest pressure fell, or which life was most hopeless. It is alleged that only men die of broken hearts—that women can bear the crushing heel of disappointment, live on and endure, while men fall by the way, and perish in the strife of passion. It may be so. We know not. In the present case the harder lot was on Miss Loring. If she bore her pain with less exterior token, it is no argument in favor of the lighter suffering. The patiently enduring often cut bear the most. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1858.

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TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined:—"The Sea-King;" "The Australian Fountain;" "Old Nan, etc.;" "A Buffalo Heat."

NOTICE.—We have appointed Mr. John E. Chalfant as a travelling agent for the Western States. Mr. Chalfant is authorized to receive subscriptions and make collections for THE POST.

THANKS.—Our thanks are due to many kind friends, in various sections, for their efforts in renewing the old, and getting up new clubs for THE POST. We are pleased to be able to say that the number of such friends is so great, that to thank them in detail would consume more of our space than probably they themselves would like. Will they therefore allow us to carry out Franklin's idea, and "say grace (none the less heartily) over the whole barrel!"

SUGAR FROM THE CHINESE CANE.

A pamphlet recently published by Mr. Joseph S. Lovering, the well known head of an extensive sugar refinery in this city, and whose reputation is eminently that of a practical man, gives a detailed account of certain experiments and observations upon the Chinese Sugar Cane, made with the view of determining its value as a sugar-producing plant, in the neighborhood of this city. The experiments referred to were pursued, the author states, without any attempt at an extraordinary production of the cane, either as to its cultivation or the development of its properties. On the contrary, he says, they were made upon small quantities of the plant, under many disadvantages which would not occur in large operations, and consequently with less favorable results.

"On the 10th of May," says Mr. Lovering, "I planted about half an acre, on upland of good quality, such as would yield, in ordinary seasons, 50 to 60 bushels Indian of corn to the acre. The rows 4 feet apart, and the plants intended to be 6 inches apart in the rows, but which, on taking off the crop, proved to be a little over 7 inches apart. When the canes were about 18 inches in height I had the suckers removed. During the month of June I passed the hoe-barrow through it twice, a man following with the hand hoe, as in the case of Indian corn. It was then left to take care of itself. It grew rapidly and evenly, and attained the height of 12 to 14 feet."

The apparatus and utensils for conducting the experiments were the following:—"A pair of iron rollers, 7 inches diameter and 12 inches long, set in a frame ¾ of an inch apart, with a spout to catch and collect the juice, and a crank turned by hand—a few sugar moulds and pots, some ivory black or animal carbon: two filters, made of common bed-ticking, in the shape of an elongated pudding-bag; a thermometer, Beaumé's Pèse-Sirop or saccharometer, and a polariscope. All the other utensils were obtained from the kitchen, viz: a copper kettle of 10 gallons capacity, a ladle, some tin pans, bowls, buckets, &c., to contain the juice."

Seven experiments were made. They were preceded by a polariscopic observation of two canes, which proved the second joints above the clay-roots richer in juice than those nearer the ground. The first practical experiment was made with 33 canes. They were passed three times through the rollers and yielded 3½ gallons of juice, in which the free acid was neutralized by adding milk of lime: the juice was then clarified with eggs, and boiled down to 240 degrees F. The product was an unpromising, dark, thick, viscid mass, which stood six days without result. It was then placed over a warm flue for four days longer, when it produced a pretty good crop of soft crystals, similar to the "Melada" obtained from Cuba, but of darker color. From the other six experiments, sugar of different qualities was produced, some white, and some brown. From the second experiment 25¼ pounds of sugar were obtained, and 13½ pounds molasses. The result convinced Mr. Lovering that the probable yield of an acre of canes of ordinary growth, would be, in round numbers, 1,426 pounds of sugar and 74 gallons of molasses from 1,846 gallons of juice. He thinks that his experiments justify renewed efforts on the part of the agriculturalists of the Northern and Middle States, and perhaps of the Southern also, in the pursuit of this branch of industry to the full and profitable development of which he thinks it capable. His impression is that owing to the lateness and coldness of the spring, and the continued wet weather, the last was an unfavorable season for the ripening and development of the sugar in the juice, to which cause a deficiency in the yield of at least ten per cent. may be imputed. Granting this deficiency, the yield would very nearly correspond, Mr. Lovering says, with that of the best conducted sugar plantations in Louisiana. The sum of all his investigations is contained in the following synopsis, which we quote from the pamphlet under notice:—

"1st. That it is obvious that there is a culminating point in the development of the sugar in the cane, which is the best time for sugar making. This point or season I consider to be, when most if not all the seeds are ripe, and after several frosts, say when the temperature falls to 25 or 30 deg. F.

"2nd. That frost, or even hard freezing, does not injure the juice nor the sugar, but that warm Indian summer weather, after the frost and hard freezing, does injure them very materially, and reduces both quantity and quality.

"3rd. That if the cane is cut and hooped, or shocked in the field when in its most favorable condition, it will probably keep unchanged for a long time.

"4th. That when the juice is obtained the process should proceed continuously and without delay.

"5th. That the clarification should be as perfect as possible by the time the density reaches 15 deg. Beaumé, the syrup having the appearance of good brandy.

"6th. That although eggs were used in these small experiments, on account of their convenience, bullock's blood, if it can be had, is equally good, and the milk of lime alone will answer the purpose: in the latter case, however, more constant and prolonged skimming will be required to produce a perfect clarification, which is highly important.

"7th. That the concentration, or boiling down, after clarification, should be as rapid as possible without scorching—shallow evaporators being the best.

"With these conditions secured, it is about as easy to make good sugar from the Chinese cane as to make a pot of good mush and much easier than to make a kettle of good apple-butter."

We are indebted to Mr. Lovering for specimens of the sugar and molasses produced in the course of these experiments. The sugar is well granulated, and, we should say, an excellent article. One specimen is a light brown. Another is a white sugar. Another is a refined, lump sugar. The worst of these is as good an article as we care to use in coffee. The white, both refined and unrefined, are excellent articles. All are very clean. As we are not much given to the common vice of exaggeration, our readers may depend that these sugars are just what we say they are. We see no difference between them and the product of the common cane—except that these seem to be cleaner and rather better granulated, which is probably the result of a more careful treatment than the common sugars generally receive. The molasses is also very good—scarcely distinguishable from what we used to call "sugar house." Two previous specimens that were kindly furnished us by other experimenters, tasted rather green and raw; more like, as we suppose, the natural syrup. But this is genuine molasses. We have seen it stated that the juice generally was not boiled sufficiently long—but we know not how true this may be. We should like to hear from Mr. Lovering upon this and kindred points.

In conclusion we may say, that while we have been among those who have doubted heretofore the ability of our farmers to make sugar out of the Chinese cane, we are none the less pleased that the evidence of so competent an experimenter as Mr. Lovering is given in favor of its entire practicability and profitableness.

THE ARMY OF UTAH.

The last accounts from Utah, which are to December 1st, represent the United States troops to be very comfortably situated on Black's Fork and Henry's Fork, with plenty of wood and water.

They were in excellent health, and numbered some twelve or fifteen hundred—in addition to which it may be stated that there were about a thousand teamsters and other attachés of the army. Food is deficient, though they have enough for several months. Salt was almost entirely wanting, but was on its way to them. Brigham Young had *politely offered to furnish* them with this very necessary article, but Col. Johnston, it is said, sent the fifteen loaded mules back, with the remark that he would hang any messenger from the same quarter on a like errand. We cannot understand the wisdom of such an indignant refusal, but we infer, of course, that the circumstances justified it.

It is generally believed at Fort Bridger, that the Mormons are determined to burn Salt Lake City in the Spring, and emigrate to the *British Possessions*. This seems to us a very unlikely story. Perhaps it is simply designed to operate against the sending of reinforcements to Col. Johnston.

We notice the following paragraph in Governor Cumming's recent Proclamation to the people of Utah:—

I come among you with no prejudices or animities, and by the exercise of a just and firm administration, I hope to command your confidence. Freedom of conscience and the use of your own peculiar mode of serving God are sacred rights guaranteed by the Constitution, with which it is not the province of the Government nor the disposition of its representatives in this Territory to interfere.

It strikes us that considerable depends upon what is their "peculiar mode of serving God." Freedom of conscience" is a sacred right, undoubtedly—but if a company of heathen should claim a constitutional right to worship God in the United States, by instituting human sacrifices, we doubt whether they would not be "interfered" with, and that right speedily.

THE WINTER.—The winter—or what ought to be the winter—so far is disappointing every body. The weather-wise say that we have not had such a January since 1790, when the average temperature was 44 degrees. At that time the mercury often stood at 70 degrees in the shade at noon, and it was common for juveniles to swim in the Delaware river. On the 17th of February of that year, however, an intensely cold "spell" followed. Therefore we must not suppose that the winter is entirely used up yet, though its back may be broken. From all quarters comes the same story. A friend in Southern Minnesota, writes that December was delightful, and that they ate dinner on Christmas day with the door open. The following reports (by telegraph) of the weather on the 14th (a cooler day than many we have had this month,) will give an idea of the general geniality of the season:—

TOLEDO, (O.)—Cloudy; thermometer	38 degs.
PITTSBURG.—Pleasant and clear;	36
BUFFALO.—Clear and mild—wind east;	32
LOUISVILLE, (Ky.)—Warm and hazy;	—
COLUMBUS, (O.)—Clear;	41
DETROIT.—Slightly hazy;	39
ST LOUIS.—Clear and pleasant;	40
FULTON, (Ill.)—Clear and pleasant;	30
CHICAGO.—Clear and mild;	35
SPRINGFIELD, (Ill.)—Clear and cool;	34
JANESVILLE, (Wis.)—Pleasant;	25
CAIRO, (Ill.)—Cloudy;	30
BURLINGTON, (Iowa.)—Cloudy;	37
DUBUQUE, (Iowa.)—Clear;	28
MILWAUKEE.—Clear and calm;	32
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN.—Cool and hazy;	22
PORTAGE CITY.—Clear and calm;	30
FOX DE LAC, (Wis.)—Clear;	—
MONTREAL, (C. W.)—Clear and fine; river full of ice, and persons crossed over yesterday at Longueuil. On the 8th inst. three men crossed the St. Lawrence river on the ice—the first time that it has been this season;	22
TORONTO.—Warm; wind east; a little frost last night.	
NEW YORK.—There is no frost in this neighborhood, and the weather is as mild as in May. The trees are budding and vegetation generally commences to thrive.	

AN EXECUTIVE MANSION.

It will be noticed that a bill has passed the Senate of this State, and will probably pass the House, appropriating $11,000 to purchase a residence for the Governor in Harrisburg. Letters written from that city, describe the house which it is intended to purchase as entirely too small for the purpose—and some even hint that the sum to be appropriated is so much beyond its value, that there is reason to believe the usual heavy legislative commission will adhere somewhere between the State and the present proprietor. In addition, the house is said to have been sold by a former owner (Mr. G. Lauman), because of the chills and fever to which its residents were liable—and though it may be desirable occasionally for the Governor to "shake" off the cares of office, the after "fever" might have a natural tendency to keep the State continually in hot water. A constable up country once said, when rather roughly handled,—"Jim, I don't care for myself; but whoever shakes me, shakes the Commonwealth;" and if this be true of a simple constable, how much more of such an important officer as the Governor!

For our own part, we are in favor of a commodious mansion being erected, in a healthy spot, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, for the use of our Executive. If the President of the United States may properly be furnished with a residence—and who has ever denied it?—why not the Governor of Pennsylvania? And we think that both justice and sound policy enjoin the giving of a salary commensurate with the character and abilities required for such an important office. A low salary tends to shut out from the office that large class of men whose abilities are great, but whose accumulated means are small. Gov. Pollock, it is stated, goes out of his office a poorer man than he entered it—and yet he has lived, it is believed, as economically as the position allowed. We were told, when at Harrisburg last summer, that scarcely a day passed that application was not made to the Governor for his contribution to some charitable or other object. Not to give something on such occasions, was to give offence. This is only one channel of leakage which the position entails, among many.

For twenty or thirty thousand dollars, a good sized lot could probably be purchased, (if there be not sufficient room in the beautiful Capitol grounds) and a commodious mansion be erected in its midst. Then raise the salary to a sum which will enable the Governor to meet the necessary requirements of his position—not to make money out of the office—and we shall act by our Executive somewhat as the Union at large does by its Executive. If the latter action is right, our present action, or want of action, must be wrong.

—Since the above was written, the Senate Bill appropriating $11,000 has been defeated in the House by a tie vote. We hope the reason of its defeat, was that the House has resolved to do a good deal better.

THE OPERA.

Our readers will remember some articles in reference to the opera that appeared in THE POST about a year ago. They will remember that we doubted the permanent success of any such "domestic institution:" believing the "love" of the opera to be, to a very great degree, either artificial or affected. Of course our articles gave great offence in certain quarters—and our city contemporaries, almost universally, cried aloud that the opera could, should, and would be "von grand success."

The Winter months have again come—and the opera has already come—*and gone*—with them. Editors are asking—"Have we an Opera House?" and echo answers "Have we!" One who seems to know, however, writes:—

His (the Manager's) arrangements for the present season were of the most liberal and deserving nature; but the recent calamitous crisis has compelled him, reluctantly, to send his attractions to a market beyond the reach of "Pennsylvania Fives," till a change for the better takes place. This was not done until an experimental season of twelve nights had been made, which resulted in a heavy loss. Since then, other attempts have been made to keep the house open, all of which have met with a similar fate.

If your wild suggestion of keeping the house open every night in the week is to be carried into effect, you had better first obtain an appropriation from Government for that purpose, and an extra issue of treasury drafts; for no manager in the world could afford to be so liberal from his own private resources.

As all other places of amusement are kept open, we suppose they pay—but opera does not pay, and therefore is gone to Cuba, where the people really love it. If it were not for our modesty, we should, like other prophets whose predictions have been fulfilled, utter that well-worn phrase, "We told you so!"

THE PLANT HUNTERS, by CAPTAIN MAYNE REID, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) is a story of the adventures of some young botanists among the Himmalaya mountains, and will entertain boys of all ages from eight to eighty. It is done in Captain Reid's best style, and is full of wonders and dangers that it makes the brain dizzy to realize. A great deal of knowledge of natural history is of course conveyed to the youthful mind under cover of this exciting parable.

DUMAS' COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, (T. B Peterson,) we have before noticed.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, for January, may be had of Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, Philada.

When I thy singing next shall hear,
I'll wish I might turn all to ear,
To drink in notes and numbers such
As blessed souls can't hear too much:
There melted down, there let me lie
Entranced, and lost confusedly:
And by thy music stricken mute,
Die and be turned into a lute!

—*Herrick.*

☞ Do you not know that your country is more considerable and more worthy of respect before God and man, than either father or mother, or all the relations of these together: that your country is to be honored and revered, to be complied with in her excesses, and to be treated with kindness even in her most violent proceedings?—*Socrates.*

☞ Truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature. Certainly it is a heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.—*Lord Bacon.*

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FREAKS OF THE FOG—A TEMPTING DISPLAY—AN UNRIVALLED ARTIFICER—HOW MONEY GOES—A PIOUS FASHION-BOOK—A NOVEL PROPOSITION—SUSPICIOUS CHARITY—MORE CATASTROPHES—A ROW IN TUNIS.

Paris, December 24, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Winter is still coquetting with us; we have seen ice only once this season: "we" referring only to those matutinal promenaders who are in the habit of venturing out of doors at that early period of the day when scavengers, water-carriers and milk-women have the streets all to themselves. And this phenomenal ice, about as thick as an egg-shell, was not proof against the remonstrances of the first rays of sunshine. But if the ice still hangs back, the fog is unusually attentive. Almost every night, a dense vapor rises from the ground, and fills the air with a fog so thick that the policeman are obliged to range themselves along the quays, the bridges, and the crossings in the neighborhood of the river, with lighted torches in their hands. This fog rises but about five feet from the ground; so that while the shorter members of the community are enveloped in the mist, the taller ones have the pleasure of seeing the stars twinkling in their usual splendor above their heads. Sometimes this fog is so distinctly localized that the passers on reaching a certain spot, step out of the vapor, and find themselves in a perfectly clear atmosphere, while, behind them, their sight cannot penetrate a couple of feet through the bank of fog. The journals, of course, are making the most of this item of the experiences of the time, and are daily informing their readers that "the site of the capital appears to have changed its place, and the City of Lutecia to find itself suddenly transported to the banks of the Thames:" their readers being thus greatly confirmed in their habitual belief that London must be a very disagreeable place to live in, and that they have every reason to bless their lucky stars—as to do them justice, they have been doing ever since they can remember those favoring luminaries—that they were born in *la belle France*, instead of being condemned to pass their gloomy days in *la brumeuse Angleterre*.

The shops are beginning to dress themselves up for the New-Year harvest; and yesterday the first of the wooden booths that are permitted to line the Boulevards, the new rue de Rivoli, and the quays, was busily getting itself nailed up as I went by. No doubt there are already some dozens in existence to keep it company. The sales of the small miscellaneous objects called by the generic name of "Articles de Paris," made by families of artisans in their own rooms through the rest of the year, and sold at Christmas, amount to $2,000,000 yearly: an enormous sum to the pockets of this class of the working-population. The manufacture only of children's guns, for this season, absorbs 150,000 pounds of zinc: and 500,000 pounds weight of this same metal is employed merely in the manufacture of the little round, flat, pocket-glasses, with a lid (from the size of a dollar to that of a breakfast-cup,) so much in vogue here among the poor, and of spectacle-cases. Two years ago, during the conversion of glass vases into China ones, by means of colored printed patterns on cotton pasted inside, *the Sèvres glass-house alone supplied nearly $300 worth of these vases, daily, to these* industrious little dealers.

The elegance with which the French shops are set out, has no rival all the world over. They put but few things in their windows at a time, but these few are so perfect in their way, and are arranged with such consummate skill, that strangers are always agape with admiration at the sight of them. The taste of this people, in all that relates to the giving of elegance to every-day objects, is really a most beautiful sort of fairy-gift. Look, for instance, at the display just now to be seen in the windows of the great artist *in hair*, Lemonnier, *fils* the Boulevard des Italiens, *the* emporium of every sort of ornament made of the growth of human heads. The patterns of the bracelets—enriched with gold and jewels—are wonderful, yet are nothing in comparison with the rings, brooches, bouquets, earrings, in which the hair itself is worked up, one might almost say, into jewels, and set in gold with as exquisite an effect as jewels themselves. Smelling-bottles, opera-glasses, ladies "back-combs," covers of card-cases, and a hundred other objects, all equal in elegance and beauty the most brilliant achievements of the jewellers; to say nothing of pictures in *relief*—not merely a disconsolate lady or gentleman, kneeling beside a grave, under the shade of an immemorial willow—but large Alpine landscapes, with rocks, trees, lakes, and châlets, and lofty mountains in the back-ground—every atom of which is made out of human hair of various colors, and producing much the effect of a sepia drawing, but in high relief, and not only miraculously clever, but extremely beautiful. But one need not fly quite so high for instances of their taste in dressing their windows. The very pork-shops themselves—with their various sausages, pies, sardine-boxes, and little pots of wonderful mountain-butter from Heaven knows where, their sauces, and gelantines, and boars' heads, and baskets of truffles, their tiny hams covered with tempting *chapelure*, and their great vases full of the immense snails—ready boiled, the mouth of each handsome shiny shell plugged with a delicate something looking like melted butter, full of fine chopped green herbs, and frozen, and which are said to be wonderfully good by those who have had the courage to taste them—are models of tasteful and effective show-off.

But the cheapness that made Paris formerly so desirable a resort for strangers not over-supplied with funds, has gone by, it is to be feared, forever. The rents are enormous: some single houses on the Boulevards bringing in to their owners an annual rental equal to the entire public revenues of one of the poorer Departments; and the shop-keepers, making a handle of the iniquitous grinding of the landlords, use the rise of rents as a pretext for an equally iniquitous grinding of their customers.

What would be thought by a sober American husband or papa, of a wreath of flowers for a ball to the tune of $500, the price of a graceful affair, principally of roses of different kinds and shades, with delicate sprays drooping over the neck, sent home to a customer the other day by the great rival of Dame Nature in her gardening," Constantine, of this city, whose floral productions take the great medal, as a matter of course, at all the Universal Exhibitions that have hitherto taken place in our little "Universe?" Should the customer lift up hands and eyes in horror at the price, while ready to go on her knees to the "adorableness" of the head dress, Constantine will coolly inform her that his rooms, which had already been raised from 2,000 francs to 10,000 francs by his landlord, have now just been raised by that same cormorant of an individual to 15,000 francs, and that of course his flowers must rise in the same proportion. Certainly, the flowers in question were beautiful, so beautiful that, were it not almost a profanation to say so, they do really eclipse their natural prototypes: they are wonders of artistic perfection. But to think of any woman putting upon her head, for the pleasure of vexing her less weakly rivals, twice or thrice only in the season, the sum of $500, which might do so much good among so many poor households at this time, when masses of the working classes are starving, not figuratively but literally, in this very town! For this costly trifle will be but one of a hundred others, equally dear, worn a few times and then thrown aside.

The clergy, meantime, are not idle. They are getting up Masses in Music, Mangers, &c., as usual, and will no doubt attract the usual crowd of women and children to their darkened and incense-laden churches.

Much scandal, by the way, has just been caused by the grand bequest the reverend fathers of Iseghem have fallen heir to by the will of a recently-deceased spinster, who has left the greater part of her fortune to the ecclesiastical powers of her town, in payment of 20,000 masses—10,000 for her own soul, and 10,000 for the souls of all her kith and kin—the celebration of 140 solemn anniversary services in her memory, and also for the good of her soul; and in a benefaction of 4,000 francs to the poor of the town and to the religious corporation of the Sisters of Charity.

The laugh of the public also has been excited here by the pompous advertisement just going the rounds of the papers, and setting forth that a new journal, devoted to the cause of the Church, of morality, piety, and so forth, is about to appear under the auspices of the Abbé Magnan, assisted by Madame la Viscomtesse de B———, and which, under the title of "The Flower Garden of Ladies and Young Ladies, a Journal of Useful Leisure, under the Scientific and Literary Direction" of the Abbé Magnan and the Viscomtesse, will impart the newest fashions to its readers, while helping them forward on the road of their religious convictions and duties. The story goes that the reverend Abbé, an elderly and respectable ecclesiastic of Paris, hesitated for some time between the title actually adopted, and that of *La Crinoline Religieuse*. How far his "literary and scientific" abilities will enable the reverend editor to reconcile the chronicling of low dresses, flounces, and *bouillonés* with the duty of renouncing the pomps and vanities of a sinful world, the necessity of humility and self-abnegation, and all the other opposites involved in a pious fashion-book, is happily no affair of ours.

Concierges and servants are just now most delightfully urbane and obliging: they are looking forward to their yearly toll in the shape of *étrennes*, or New Year gifts, which they levy on their employers. They also get a good deal out of the tradesmen whom their employers deal with: and whom they compel to allow them a handsome per centage on the bills sent in; these bills, of course, being so drawn up as to include in the shape of increased charges on each item, the sum to be made over to the servant.

A short time ago, a banker here being about to engage a cook, the latter, at the close of the interview, inquired the amount of wages he would have in this gentleman's service.

"I give no wages to my cook," replied the latter: "on the contrary, I demand of you a payment of 650 francs a-year for the place I offer you."

The cook hereupon opened his eyes to their widest extent, and was beginning to think his senses must have deceived him, when the banker resumed,

"My bills for the articles of consumption ordered by my cook, amount to an average of 86,000 francs a-year. The payment of these articles ordered by you goes necessarily through your hands; and as the average per centage of 2½ which the tradespeople are in the habit of making to the servants who deal with them, gives a sum of 2,150 francs a-year, I demand of you the sum of 650 francs, which leaves you a salary of 1,500 francs, which is as much as I consider my cook to be entitled to receive."

It is said that the cook, having verified this calculation, entered into the required agreement, and is now administering the banker's kitchen department, quite to his own satisfaction.

Such being the mode of proceeding on the part of the Paris shopkeepers, one can hardly, on learning that the Syndicate of Bakers has just "decided to distribute 666,800 pounds of the best white bread among the poor of the capital, in lieu of the Christmas gifts hitherto made by them to their customers," avoid an uncomfortable suspicion that it will be out of the unfortunate pockets of the public that these benevolent bakers will make their munificent donation!

Catastrophes appear to be still the order of the day. Terrible earthquakes have taken place in the southern part of the kingdom of Naples; many hundreds of victims have lost their lives, villages have been destroyed, and property injured to an immense amount. In some districts the peasants are obliged to sleep in huts hastily put up for their shelter by the local authorities. Shocks of earthquake, but less violent, have also been felt in Wurtemburg. The village of Bojanowo, in Poland, has been burned down, through the crime of a waguner, whose cottage was seized for debt, and who set fire to it in revenge, thus beginning the conflagration which has destroyed everything within its reach. A number of buildings in one of the suburbs of Constantinople have fallen, burying scores of people under the ruins. A great number of persons had been already taken out dead.

While the Emperor of Russia is regulating the conditions on which the serfs of the three Governments of Vilno, Roono and Grodno are to be gradually converted from chattels attached to their owners' glebe, into independent proprietors of themselves and their homesteads, Tunis is in arms, and attempting to throw off the suzeraintz of the Porte. The proximity of Tunis to Algeria causes this inflammatory condition of the Tunisian population to be regarded with considerable interest and some anxiety by the French Government.

QUANTUM.

☞ When you bury animosity, don't set a stone up over its grave.

HOOPS—A LADY'S OPINION.—A lady in the Newburyport Herald says:—

So we will say a few words on hoops. Don't call us a bear, dear readers, nor throw away this paper in disgust, for we are not about to join our brother knights of the quill in their crusade against crinoline; but, Don Quixote-like, we will espouse the cause of distressed damsels, though we "face a frowning world." We hereby add an article to our confession of faith. We believe in hoops. Mind, we say *hoops*, plural number. Deliver us from that abominable, single, hogshead hoop, which many ladies wear about knee high, showing its entire shape through a single flimsy skirt, dragging down by its weight the dress to the shape of a cone, while the part of the skirt below the hoop, flaps, winds and reels around it in every wind that blows.

Not much improvement is the addition of one or two other hoops, unless they are graduated in size according to the height of the wearer, and covered by skirts of sufficient thickness to hide the skeleton, than which nothing could be more hideous, unless it were a veritable skeleton from the graveyard.

The only skirt that looks uniformly graceful, is made of a series of rattan, whalebone or brass hoops, extending from the waist to the feet, gradually increasing in size with that graceful swell that gives to the dress the airy contour of a blue bell; preserving that golden mean in regard to circumference that modesty and good taste will ever dictate. The hoops in this skirt should be so near together that they will lose their individuality, and "make no sign" underneath the thinnest Summer dress; for herein lies the advantage and whole philosophy of the hoop movement, inasmuch as it allows one skirt to give that fullness and grace which has hitherto been attainable only by half a dozen.

After all, the genuine crinoline is the thing, which, as its name imports, is a kind of hair-cloth, which by its own innate virtue, without the aid of hoops, will preserve its elasticity and inflated character, without the awkwardness that at times is inseparable from its humble imitator. The expense is the only objection to its general adoption, which, for the ladies' sake, we hope may be soon removed.

☞ Judge Louinstreet, the newly-elected President of the South Carolina College, thus sets forth the value of a newspaper: Small is the sum that is required to patronise a newspaper, and most amply remunerated is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes, it is next to impossible to fill it fifty-two times a year without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is off from home, at school, should supply him with a paper. I still remember what difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were decidedly superior to the last in debate and composition at least. The reason is plain; they have command of more facts. Youth will peruse newspapers with delight, they will read nothing else.

☞ People who are proud of their common sense assert, that in predicting future events a modern prophet has no grounds to go upon. This is a mistake. He has both tea-grounds and coffee-grounds, upon which fortunes are told, *and though his predictions may be fallible, they* are not groundless.

☞ That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore, they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ A young physician, descanting upon the loveliness of a female, perorated with, "Wouldn't she make a magnificent subject—how I would like to dissect her!" That's what you might call professional enthusiasm.

☞ Man! it is not thy works,—which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least,—but only *the spirit thou worketh in*, that can have worth, or continuance!—*Carlyle.*

☞ A sailor was recently brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the weaker vessel? "If she is, she ought not to carry so much sail," replied Jack.

☞ We have all studied Decorum's advice—"In seconding another, yet to add something of one's own; as, if you will grant his opinion, let it be with some distinction; if you will follow his motion, let it be with condition; if you allow his counsel, let it be with alleging further reason."

☞ Few men have a readier excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage, who, being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men, while rich men never courted philosophers, replied,—"Because the latter know they want money, while the former haven't sense enough to know they want wisdom."

☞ Set not so high a value upon your children, your life, or anything in this world, as justice: and be assured, that when you appear before the tribunal of Pluto, you will not be at a loss to defend yourself in the presence of your judges.—*Socrates.*

☞ Do you believe that a state subsists after justice not only ceases to be any longer in force in it, but is even corrupted, subverted, and trod under foot by individuals?—*Socrates.*

☞ Notwithstanding the apparently insurmountable difficulty which the accumulation of successive consonants presents to the American student of the Dutch language, the relative proportion of consonants to vowels is much larger in the English than in the Dutch tongue. The word *cotton* will serve as an example. In English it has four consonants to two vowels, while the Dutch word *Baumwolle* contains five consonants to four vowels, giving to the Dutch word eighty per cent. of vowels against fifty per cent. to the English.

☞ COMFORT FOR WHALES.—A poet, believed to be American, thus apostrophises the whole order of *cetacea*:—

Ho! whales that sail the deep, repine not at your fate;
Your flesh illuminates the world, your bones make women great!

☞ A canal boat was passing under a bridge, and the captain gave the usual warning, by calling aloud—"Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was sitting by a window in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping out his head, which received a severe thump from a pillar. He drew it back in a great pet, exclaiming, "Dese Amerikins cry 'look out,' when dey mean look in!"—*Cincinnati Jour.*

CONGRESSIONAL.

CONTINUATION OF THE DEBATE ON THE ARREST OF GEN. WALKER.

THE INDIANA CONVENTION.

ALLEGED BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

SENATE.

On the 11th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of War, enclosing the reports of the surveys of the rivers and harbors on the lakes in the State of New York.

Mr. Seward, of New York, presented the petition of Christian Hausen, praying Congress to establish an ocean mail route between New York and Glueckstadt on the Elbe. Referred to the Committee on Post-Office.

On motion of Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, a resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to report the amount of revenue collected in each collection district for each year, from 1852 to 1857, the amount expended, and the number of persons employed in the collection of the revenue for each of those years.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, who was entitled to the floor in the debate on the Kansas question, desired, as it was undergoing changes every day, to postpone his remarks until the subject was presented in a more definite form, which would probably be the case ere long.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, said he wished but was not now ready, to express his views on the subject; and on his motion, the question was made the special order of the day for Monday next.

After debate, the Senate passed a joint resolution declaring that in any case when the records of the Court of Inquiry appointed under the Act of January, 1857, may render it advisable, in the opinion of the President of the United States, to restore to the active or the reserved list of the Navy, or transfer from furlough to leave of absence on the latter list, any officer who may have been dropped or retired by the operation of the law of February, 1855, entitled "An act to promote the efficiency of the Navy," he shall have authority, any existing law to the contrary, to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint such officers to the active or reserved list, and the officers so nominated and confirmed shall occupy the positions on the active and reserved lists respectively, according to rank and seniority when dropped or retired as aforesaid, and be entitled to all the benefits conferred by the Act approved in January last, on the officers restored or transferred to the active or reserved list under that Act. Provided, that nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to allow an increase in the number of officers on the active service list over the number authorized by law.

By unanimous consent, the President's Central American Message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and the debate postponed until the committee shall make a report.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on the Post-Office to inquire into the expediency of establishing mail lines between the United States and Brazil, and the Republics of South America, and also into the best mode of establishing and maintaining such mail facilities, if found necessary and expedient. Adjourned.

On the 12th, Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, presented a petition from Henry O'Reilley, in favor of establishing a telegraph line from the western borders of Missouri to Fort Laramie and the south pass of the Rocky Mountains. Referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill explanatory of the Act granting bounty lands to officers and soldiers, passed March, 1855, so as to secure the claims to the heirs of persons making claims who have died before the land warrants were issued. Referred.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to repeal the Act of March, 1856, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to change the names of vessels in certain cases.

Mr. Benjamin, of Louisiana, in showing the necessity for the passage of the bill, said that he had a list of vessels the names of which had been changed within eighteen months, and of that number thirty-one had either been lost at sea or been the means of loss of life and property. The names were changed to deceive the public, when the vessels were rotten and unseaworthy. He instanced the case of the Central America, whose name was changed from George Law. One vessel had been condemned and her name changed three times, and she finally went to sea and was never heard of afterwards. The bill was passed.

Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, made a personal explanation. He said that the recent resolution of the Indiana Convention, after re-affirming and defining the doctrine of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, proceeds to say, "and *hereafter* no Territory should be admitted into the Union as a State without a fair expression of the will of the people being first had upon the Constitution accompanying the application for admission." Instead of *hereafter*, the telegraphic dispatch had substituted *therefore*, thus *materially* affecting the sense; for the Convention, in using the word *hereafter*, had intended to endorse specifically the very doctrine of President Buchanan, who, in his Message, had expressed his approval of this principle of popular submission with reference to all future Territories, while advocating none the less the acceptance of the Lecompton Constitution without such preliminary ratification, which unfortunately had not been provided for in the Kansas-Nebraska Act.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, thought the whole explanation of Mr. Fitch entirely out of order. It was disagreeable to him to listen to such details respecting a party Convention with whose proceedings the Senate had no concern.

Mr. Douglas argued that the correction was unimportant. The Democracy of Indiana declare "that they are in favor of the great doctrine of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, and that by a practical application of that doctrine the people of a State or a Territory *are vested with the right* of ratifying or rejecting at the ballot-box any Constitution that may be framed for their government, and that *hereafter* no Territory shall be admitted into the Union," &c. Hence it would be seen that the Indiana Democrats distinctly and unequivocally announce that according to their understanding, the people of Kansas, by virtue of the organic act, have "a vested right" to ratify or reject at the ballot-box any constitution that may be framed for their government; and to suppose that they intended to except Kansas from the benefit and "practical application" of that doctrine, was to suppose that they meant to repudiate, with respect to this Territory, the very act which had just been endorsed and expounded by them as guaranteeing to the people "a vested right" which would be ignored by accepting the Lecompton Constitution. And, moreover, as the constitution of Kansas had not yet come before Congress, it was apparent that in the use of the word *hereafter*, the Convention had expressly designed to embrace the case of that Territory as well as all others that might arise in the future.

Mr. Hale thought that, as "personal and political explanations" seemed to be the order of the day, he ought to be indulged in a few remarks explanatory of the position occupied by the Democratic State Committee of New Hampshire. He deemed it unkind to scan too closely these resolves of the Northern Democracy, who, it was to be remembered, were exceedingly hard pressed at home, inasmuch that they found it difficult to live in any place less secure than a Custom House or a Post Office. Resolutions passed by gentlemen in such a critical situation deserved, he thought, to be treated very tenderly when brought to the notice of the Senate.—The Democracy of New Hampshire, for example, had been reduced to even greater straits, if possible, than their Indiana brethren. An election was close at hand in the former State, and it was apparent that something must be done to relieve the party from the pressure of the odious Lecompton Constitution on the one hand, and the Administration's approval of that instrument on the other. The State Committee, therefore, in a series of resolutions, had re-endorsed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, re-affirmed the Cincinnati Platform, complimented Mr. Buchanan, *and* repudiated the Lecompton Constitution; in other words, the New Hampshire Democratic State Committee approve Mr. Buchanan, but do not approve his measures. This, it seemed, was about the position they occupied in the premises, and if it appeared even less comfortable than that of the Indiana Democracy, it was probably because the former were reduced to even greater extremities than the latter.

The remarks of the Senator provoked much merriment on all sides of the chamber, and, in taking his seat, he thanked the Senate for its courtesy in permitting him to plead in behalf of the Democracy of New Hampshire, as Mr. Fitch and Mr. Douglas had done in behalf of the Democracy of Indiana.

A joint resolution to extend the time for the restoration of naval officers appointed by the decisions of the Retiring Board to April next, was taken up and passed. Adjourned.

On the 13th, Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, introduced a joint resolution, directing the presentation of a medal to Commodore Paulding, commander of the home squadron, for capturing General Walker and his company of filibusters.

The Senate debated the motion to reconsider the vote adopting the amendment to the joint resolution extending and defining the power of the President, in regard to the nomination of officers who were affected by the action of the Retiring Board, which amendment prescribed that it should not be construed so as to allow an increase of the number of officers on the active list as now authorized by law.

Messrs. Houston, of Texas; Toombs, of Georgia, and others, earnestly favored the reconsideration, contending that the effect of the proviso was to prevent justice being done to the officers who have been injuriously affected by the action of the Naval Retiring Board. Mr. Toombs spoke of these officers as being the victims of a most perfidious treachery.

Mr. Stuart, of Michigan, argued that no necessity had been shown for increasing the active list, and although a great deal had been said about injustice, the specifications had not been mentioned.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, mentioned two cases of gallant officers who had been struck down while on honorable service, one in Puget's Sound, and the other on the Coast of Africa.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, eulogized Commodore Stewart, and denounced the Retiring Board generally. When he closed his remarks there was a slight demonstration of applause in the galleries, which were densely filled by the officers of the navy and others.

After a long debate the amendment was rejected, and the joint resolution was passed with another amendment, limiting the power of the President to nominate to six months after the passage of the resolution.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, gave notice of his intention to offer an amendment to Mr. Doolittle's joint resolution for a medal to Commodore Paulding, to the effect that Congress has heard with surprise of the arrest of General Walker and others, at Punta Arenas, by Commodore Paulding, and feeling satisfied that the said act was a violation of the territorial sovereignty of Nicaragua, and not sanctioned by any existing law of Congress, disavows the act; and being officially satisfied that the said Paulding acted without instructions from the President or Secretary of the Navy, Congress hereby expresses its condemnation of his conduct in this regard. Adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Bell, of Tenn., submitted a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of the Interior to communicate an estimate of the quantity of land which will inure, under the Act of March, 1857, granting lands to Minnesota for railroad purposes.

On motion of Mr. Davis, of Miss., a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for a report of the commission on war claims in Oregon and Washington Territories.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, gave notice of his *intention to introduce a bill to provide for the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State.*

The joint resolution, *directing the presentation* of a medal to Commodore Paulding, was made the special order of the day for Wednesday next.

After the transaction of business of no general importance, the Senate went into Executive Session. Adjourned.

On the 15th, the Senate was not in session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 11th, during some explanatory remarks by several gentlemen, Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, said that about one million dollars was yet due on account of paper, printing and engraving for the last two sessions of Congress.

Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, asked, but failed to obtain, leave to report a bill providing for the increase of the military force, by the establishment of five additional regiments.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, heartily and fully concurred in the views expressed by the President in his Annual and recent Special Message, relative to the breaking up of the expedition of Walker. Never since the time Aaron Burr fitted out a military expedition against Mexico, had the Administration been so much harassed as it has been by the movements of William Walker, whom he would not call traitor or pirate, for such he (Walker) was not in the proper sense of the term. He proceeded to vindicate the action of the Administration in defeating Gen. Walker's objects, contending that, by international law, the Navy had a right to go beyond the marine league, with a view of suppressing illegal expeditions and enforcing our obligations of neutrality. Adjourned.

On the 12th, the Speaker laid before the House the Message of the President in response to the resolution calling for information relative to recent events in Central America.

On motion of Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, that part of the Message and the accompanying documents, relating to Commodore Paulding, and having reference to the orders of the Navy Department, was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. The other portion was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

A Message was received from the President, stating that he had received a copy of the Constitution of Minnesota, together with an abstract of the votes for and against it, and now laid it before Congress, in the manner prescribed by that instrument. Having received but one copy, he had transmitted that to the Senate.

A Message was received from the President, in response to a resolution making inquiries whether the Government of Nicaragua has made any complaint on account of the arrest of Gen. Walker by Commodore Paulding on its own soil. The President, through the Secretary of State, states that no such complaint has reached the Department.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, to consider the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, said that if ever a President required the supporting hands of his friends, it was now. Who could tell which was the Administration portion of this House, and what are the Administration measures? Look to the Senate. There the Warwick of the party, in the pride of his power, hurls defiance at the Administration. The President entered upon the Presidency with a plethoric treasury, which is now bankrupt. The Central American question is pressing hard upon him. The filibusters are about to overwhelm him. Besides, there is the Kansas question, which he is pressing forward for the destruction of freemen's rights, and the indignation hurled back is sinking him. Utah is beyond the control of the Government, and Brigham Young is laughing him to scorn.—Well may he (the President) exclaim, "Save me from my friends!" As to Central American affairs, if the President was derelict at all, it was because he did not, with a firm and steady hand, carry out his intentions, and prosecute Walker while he was within our jurisdiction.

Mr. Haskin, of New York, explained the remark made by him on a former occasion—namely, that he was in favor of national grand larceny. In his argument he intended to convey an alternative proposition, that if the Government justified Walker, which he hoped they would not, then it would be far better for the Government to filibuster in a grand way. It was a jocose and figurative expression, and excited laughter. He did not seriously believe that any gentleman really thought he favored grand larceny in a literal sense. Larceny was stealing personal property, and therefore could not be applicable to Cuba or Central America. If the term was appropriate to any party, it must be to the Republican party, who would appropriate their neighbors' personal property. He admitted, with Mr. Thayer, that larceny was mean and contemptible, and sincerely hoped that the representatives of the Republican party will do as much to prevent plunder as some of their predecessors did in the last Congress to promote it.

Mr. Moore, of Alabama, without venturing on an argument of Gen. Walker's valid title to the Presidency of Nicaragua, contended not only that Commodore Paulding had gone beyond his instructions, but that the majority of the nation never could sanction conduct like his. Of Commodore Paulding he knew but little, but he had no doubt that he was a gallant and experienced officer. He would say that a more wilful and wanton outrage had never been committed by any one clothed with authority, and it became the representatives of a free people to protest against this wanton abasement of power. He could not concur with the Administration in its construction of the neutrality laws.

Mr. Thompson, of New York, in speaking of Gen. Walker, said that after being brought here and released from a felon, he suddenly became a hero; from a ruthless invader, and guilty of robbery and plunder, he becomes a Moses leading the nation from the wilderness into a land of promise; from a scourge and curse, he becomes the pioneer of good government, and the benefactory of his race.

Gentlemen say that a great wrong has been done by Com. Paulding, that an indemnity should be given Walker, and that a national vessel ought to take him (Walker) back to Nicaragua. What did this mean? It indicated a diversity of sentiment in this House. Walker was not a pioneer of the civilization of which we are proud, but of a rude semi-barbarous policy, which obtains a foothold by force, and holds it by trampling on the rights of the people. He was guilty of violating the international law, and the neutrality act of 1818. Walker was never a citizen of Nicaragua. If so, where is the record of his naturalization? He thought that the Administration was bound by duty to have Walker prosecuted for the violation of these laws. The President is right in asserting that Walker is guilty. The mode of arrest is a matter of no consequence whatever, under the circumstances, and while Nicaragua did not complain whether the technical letter of the law was conformed to or not, the President is justified by the international law, in the spirit of his instructions, to arrest Walker, and he did not violate the letter.

Mr. Warren, of Arkansas, said he had no hesitation in asserting that Commodore Paulding exceeded his instructions. The President admitted this. When gentlemen go beyond this, with the present lights before them, they go too far. He warned his political friends to be cautious in what they said, for fear of the consequences to the party. After declaring that he was no filibuster when he had to violate the law for the accomplishment of his purposes, and that if President Pierce had removed Brigham Young, the present turmoils in Utah would have been averted, he proceeded to eulogize Arkansas, and earnestly advised the grant of land to that State for railroad purposes.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 13th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, argued that from the earliest period of our national history till now, the government has interfered in various ways to restrain our citizens from fitting out hostile expeditions against nations with which we are at peace. The operations of Gen. Walker afforded evidence of the necessity for the application of the neutrality laws. He adverted to the enormous expense of keeping up the various routes across the Isthmus; routes too long and too distant, and the country too sickly to be of permanent advantage to settlers. To reach the Pacific, a direct line should be taken across our own territory. It was wrong for the government to go into filibustering operations. This had been its policy for years past, and it has too long winked at private filibustering. An examination of the documents shows that Commodore Paulding has, like a true and honest sailor, carried out his instructions. It was not his duty to expound the law.

Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, said this was the first time he had the privilege of addressing a legislative assembly, and he was gratified in now rising to sustain what he believed to be law and order. They had seen the remarkable spectacle of an Administration apparently unsupported by its own friends; and on the reception of every message from the President, opportunities taken to assail and pick at him. He acquiesced in every word the President had written on the Central American question. It was necessary that instructions should be issued for intercepting Walker's expedition, and to restrain our citizens from acts of violation of the neutrality laws.

Walker was brought home with the view of saving his neck, and for that he should be grateful. He broke not only the international law, but the statute law. He escaped from the country under false colors. Mr. Clay maintained that it was not only in the power, but it was the duty, of the President to send for Walker on the high seas and bring him back. He thought Commodore Paulding committed a grave error, and that this remark by the President was a sufficient censure on the conduct of that officer.

Mr. Potter, of New York, said there was but one feeling among right-minded and disinterested men, and that was of satisfaction that Walker had been arrested in his career of crime, and to that extent Com. Paulding had vindicated the honor and integrity of his country. He heartily concurred with the President in his views on this question, and although in the opposition, he would endeavor to sustain him as far as he could, even against the President's own political friends. He entered his protest against the system of Americanization which had been so earnestly advanced on all sides of the Hall. Before he could unite in it, he must first understand by what right it is to be undertaken, and what are the precise objects and purposes. He denied that we have a right to Americanize Central America without invitation, and because that country would be advantageous to us. We have no right to lay violent hands upon it. Before undertaking to Americanize our neighbors, they should be informed of our theory of government, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, and its practical working under the Constitution. In regard to human bondage, he earnestly deprecated territorial aggrandizement. The acquisition of every foot of land, as experience has proven, has only weakened the country and engendered animosities before unknown.

Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi, frankly acknowledged that the promotion of Southern interests was secondary only to the preservation of Southern honor. Although the South was in the minority, she, relying on the immutability of truth and right, had been enabled to command the respect of her friends and defy the malice of her enemies. While justifying the Lecompton Constitutional Convention, and the result of their action, he said Gov. Walker had violated his pledges, disgraced his trust, and in fleeing from Kansas scattered fire-brands of discord and dissension; and Stephen A. Douglas, who was in favor of lugging in California, over all law, was now endeavoring to outrage the rights of the Southern States, and subjecting Kansas to the rigors of the inquisition, because there was a slight prospect of its becoming a Slave State.

The Chairman reminded the gentleman that it was not in order to allude to the Senators by name.

Mr. Lamar replied that he did not refer to any Senator, but a distinguished aspirant for the Presidency. (Laughter.)

Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, contended that the true doctrine is that when the government is at peace with any nation, every citizen is at peace with it. If the Government cannot invade a Territory, its citizens cannot. A treaty of peace is as broad as the country, and embraces every individual in it. It would be a monstrous doctrine if a hundred or a thousand men could invade and attack a neighboring nation with which we are at peace. Commodore Paulding did nothing less than his duty in arresting Walker, and it was our duty, under the law of nations, to send him back for punishment by the offended State. The President had committed a mistake in being too mild and forbearing to Walker.

Mr. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, thought it was our best policy to let the neutrality laws stand. He did not believe that Walker had violated them. He knew that Walker was not a pirate and robber; therefore such epithets had been unjustly applied to him. Walker was a quiet, modest, self-poised man, of fine education, and understood the laws better than many who so grossly and coarsely denounced him. Paulding's arrest of Walker was a usurpation of power, not warranted by the Constitution; but he (Mr. Zollicoffer) believed it was in the spirit of his instructions.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 14th, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union on the President's Annual Message.

Mr. Stephens, of Ga., explained and defended his views heretofore expressed. He affirmed, and challenged contradiction when he said it, that, under the neutrality laws, as they now stand, owing to their imperfect phraseology, the President cannot at all use the army and navy. It was only by construction or interpretation that he could do so. All doubts should be removed by legislation respecting these laws. He argued that no power in the United States could prevent American citizens from leaving this country and joining an enemy, or could punish them. But for Paulding's interposition, Walker would now be secure in possession of the Presidency of Nicaragua, and he was the only legitimate Chief Magistrate of that country. He repeated that Walker and his men should be sent back, and full restitution should be made to them for their losses occasioned by the conduct of Com. Paulding, who kidnapped them.

Mr. Blair, of Mo., gave notice of his intention to offer a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of acquiring territory, by treaty or otherwise, in Central or South America, for the purpose of colonizing there the free blacks of this country, and those who may hereafter obtain their freedom; to be protected as a dependency under the flag of the United States. He believed the extension of slavery was at the bottom of the aggressive movements against Central America. He was opposed altogether to the propagandists, and thought the government ought forthwith to take steps with the view of such colonization, which was recommended by Jefferson and approved by the "Fathers of the Republic." In advocating his proposition he adverted to the commercial, civil and other blessings which would result from its consummation.

The resolutions, heretofore offered, referring the various parts of the President's message to the appropriate committees were taken up for action.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, endeavored to engraft an amendment to one of the resolutions, tendering thanks to Com. Paulding for his patriotic and spirited conduct.

The amendment was ruled out of order.

Mr. Leiter sent up an amendment, (the reading of which occasioned much laughter,) proposing that an inquiry be made to determine whether Gen. Walker was induced to enter upon his filibuster expedition by the "Ostend Manifesto," and the letter of the Secretary of State, produced at filibuster meetings held at New York and elsewhere.

The resolution to refer the subject of military expenditures to the Judiciary Committee was amended, with instructions to inquire into the expediency of amending the Neutrality Laws.

The proposition of Mr Phelps, to refer the subject of the Pacific Railroad to a select committee of thirteen, was debated, but not concluded. Adjourned.

On the 15th, Mr. Bocock asked the House to take up the joint resolution of the Senate relative to the Naval Board of Inquiry. Objected to.

Mr. Burnett's (Ky.) resolution was passed, authorizing a special committee to investigate the facts attending the sale of Fort Snelling, and employ a stenographer. He remarked that this was a case in which the public interests required a close examination.

Mr. Houston, of Alabama, from the Committee of the Judiciary, reported a resolution which was adopted, authorizing the Committee to send for persons and papers in relation to the charge against Judge Watrous, of Texas.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, offered a preamble, setting forth that as it appears by the published report of the Committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company, that $87,000 were paid to secure the passage of the Tariff Act of 1857, and as no satisfactory explanation has been given relative to the application of all but $8,000, there should be an investigation, the charge tending very seriously to prejudice the reputation and character of the members of the last House who voted for the Tariff Act. Therefore he proposed the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate the charges, and inquire whether any member or officer of the House received any part of the money, with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Burlingame, of Massachusetts, said that as a general rule he would be against taking cognizance of any transaction which did not occur in the presence of the House or Senate, or so near either as to interrupt the deliberations of Congress; but in this case he would depart from the general rule of policy he would select for his own guidance. So many grave charges have been made by individuals and the partisan press, with what motives and for what purpose he would not undertake to intimate, that it seemed to him that the House would consult its dignity as well as its honor by adopting the resolutions.

Mr. Davis, of Maryland, said no man held the political press in more contempt than he.—He stood in no fear of it, and held it in such utter contempt that he should not notice it, except to carry it before the Grand Jury for a vile libel. When charges are made in the press he deemed them unworthy of investigation. He regarded his reputation, and the reputation of every gentleman here more than enough to look in the face of the whole combined press of the country; but this was a different case. It involved one of the merchant princes, in the books of whose firm the entry appeared of $87,000, paid for procuring the passage of the tariff act. This is a statement based on a responsible name, and is an adequate foundation for an investigation. The record did not say how the money was distributed. It may have been spent legitimately, to pay the expenses of agents. If it had got into the hands of any member of Congress, let him die the death. He was for following the precedent of the last Congress in conducting the proposed investigation.

Mr. Kunkel, of Pennsylvania, remarked that all such investigation involved time, trouble and expense, but he was in favor of the one now proposed. The charges were extensively made over the whole country, and if they were nothing more than newspaper charges, he would be still for an investigation. He could not concur in the opinions of the gentleman from Maryland relative to the newspaper press, which had not failed to serve its function. You may put corrupt men in the House and the Senate, and corruption may reek all along the avenue, yet with all its abuses, a free press may save the liberties of the people. This charge, however, was not made by the newspaper press alone, but on the authority of a Committee of the Stockholders of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company. He knew nothing about Lawrence, Stone & Company. It is said they were the "Merchant Princes of New England." But he knew these "Merchant Princes" had struck hands with free trade interest in the last Congress, to crush out the Industry of Pennsylvania.

It had been charged over and over again that members had combined for mercenary considerations to affect that policy, together with propositions to admit railroad iron free of duty.—Thus the great interests of Pennsylvania were kept in anxiety and suspense. The charges were uttered when the tariff act was under consideration. He heard them when he went home. But for the mild and genial winter, there would have been starvation within the borders of that State.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, thought it was proper that some investigation should take place, though it did not affect him and those with whom he acted. Nothing had transpired to show in what direction the money had gone, but, from what transpired at the last session, the Democratic side had very little to fear from the present investigation.

Mr. Stanton thought gentlemen on the Democratic side had some family affairs to settle, including the Fort Snelling sale. The cardinal object of the manufacturers was to get rid of the duty on wool, and the gentlemen on the other side voted accordingly. Therefore they are the very men implicated in the nature of this charge.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, wanted to know whether Mr. Stanton meant to say that any Democratic member was implicated in the sale of Fort Snelling?

Mr. Stanton—I meant to say that the Administration made the sale, and a member (Mr. Smith) from the gentleman's own State moved for an investigating committee, and it seems all proved to be a family affair—that's all.

Mr. Letcher said that so far as Secretary Floyd was concerned, a more unfounded charge was never made on the reputation of a public officer.

Mr. Robert Smith, of Illinois, said that he offered the resolution for a committee to inquire into the facts concerning the sale of Fort Snelling. He never said the Secretary of War did anything wrong in the matter, but thought from the knowledge in his possession, that the subject required investigation. This was due to the Secretary of War, the Administration, and the Democratic party. He had notified the chairman of the committee that he would appear at any time and tell his story. He thought that something was wrong in that sale, but did not charge it by implication on the Secretary of War. It was all wrong, unwise and imprudent to sell the buildings of Fort Snelling.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, with the record before him, called attention to the fact that only thirty Republicans voted for the tariff bill on the passage, with ninety-eight who opposed the Republican party. Among the nays only two Democrats voted against it, while seventy Republicans voted against it. Therefore, he thought the charges would be against his friend from Illinois.

Mr. Letcher replied that one good turn deserves another. He did not consider the charges as resting against the Democratic party, because with the practical illustration of last Congress, *ex nomine*, the Republican party stand guilty.

Mr. Sherman responded. If there was anything wrong, or fraud or bribery engrafted in the legislation of the tariff bill, it was not done by the Republican party, for thirty Republicans only voted for and seventy against it, while only two Democrats voted against it.

Several votes were taken on amendments to Mr. Stanton's proposition, when the House adopted the substitute offered by Mr. Letcher, that a select committee of five members be appointed to investigate the charges preferred against the members and officers of the last House, growing out of the disbursement of any sums of money by Lawrence, Stone & Co., or other persons, and report the facts to the House, with such recommendations as they may deem proper, with power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Stanton withdrew his preamble, as the House had seen fit to throw the subject in the hands of the Democratic side.

Mr. Harris, of Illinois, rising to a question of privilege, offered a preamble and resolution, proposing that Wm. Matteson's case be investigated, *looking to his expulsion from the House.* As Mr. Matteson was not present, he moved that the subject be postponed till Monday week.

Mr. Henry Bennett, of New York, stated that Mr. Matteson had gone home in consequence of sickness in his family.

Mr. Harris said he would call up the subject on Monday week, unless good reasons were shown for its further postponement.

Mr. Blair, of Mo., wished to offer an amendment, which was read for information. He called for the testimony suppressed by the Corruption Investigating Committee of the last Congress, it being of great importance; and asserted that by such a suppression, the committee failed in the discharge of its duty.

The Speaker declared the amendment out of order.

The House took from the Speaker's table the Senate bill making appropriations of indemnity for the slaves carried from the Southern States by the British during the last war. The reading of the names of the slaves occasioned excessive merriment.

Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, obtained the floor, but gave way for a motion to adjourn till Monday. The motion prevailed.

THE INCREASE OF GOLD.—The increase o gold since January 1, 1847, is stated to be as follows:

From California,	$478,175,000
From Australia,	329,217,000
	$807,392,000

Over *eight hundred millions* of dollars increase of the precious metals. Nearly all this amount is believed to be in Europe and America; but Europe has lost (of silver) in the same time, sent to Asia for teas, &c., about $236,500,000. Leaving a balance of increase, in Europe and the United States, since 1847, of $570,892,000.

The gold in the Banking Institutions of the principal cities of the United States, and in London and Paris, is given as follows:—

	1857. October.	1858. January.
Banks.		
New York	$7,843,000	$29,176,000
Philadelphia	2,071,000	3,618,000
Baltimore,	1,108,000	2 998,000
Boston,	2,363,000	5,442,000
New Orleans,	3,230,000	10,505,000
Total, 5 Am. cities,	16,815,000	51,740,000
London	29,621,000	87,765,000
Paris	35,539,000	50,000,000
Total,	81,975,000	189,511,000
Accumulation since the panic.		$78,530,000

The present reserve is the largest ever known on the American seaboard. In London and Paris the accumulation is so rapid that the hitherto unprecedented aggregate of 1852 in the Banks of England and France ($234,000,000) may possibly be reached before half the present year runs out.

AN EXPENSIVE THEATRICAL COMPLIMENT.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following anecdotes:

"They have an opera in Athens, where a prima donna is very popular. One night she so bewitched the audience, the men took the splendid pair of English blooded horses from the carriage, and dragged her home. She was delighted until the next morning, when she ordered the coachman to drive her out. The coachman said that some of the 'gentlemen' of the preceding evening had been carried away so far by their enthusiasm as not yet to have had time to return with the horses. The day passed away, and nothing was heard of the horses. The second day she had the walls of Athens covered with bills offering $500 reward for the recovery of her horses, but as they were worth at least $2,000 they have not yet and probably never will be heard of."

VIRGINIA.—Richmond, Jan. 12.—The House adopted to-day the caucus resolution in favor of the Kansas Lecompton Constitution. The Senate has postponed action upon the subject. The action of the House is a virtual rebuke to Gov. Wise.

FROM KANSAS.

THE ELECTION—GOV. DENVER'S MESSAGE, &C.

The election as to State officers and the Legislature is still in doubt. A large number of the Free-State men adhered to the decision of their Convention, and would not vote. The St. Louis Democrat (Free State) says:

"Our informants state that at the time they left Leavenworth the impression was, after a careful counting up of the returns then received, that the Pro-Slavery men had elected their State officers, but that the Free-State party had carried the Legislature. Pro-Slavery majorities:—Kickapoo 854; Doniphan county 800; Johnson county 1,900; Bourbon 930.

"Douglas county gives 500 Free-State majority, and Atchison city about 30 Democratic. Other parts of the Territory had been but partially heard from.

"The vote was small, more than half the voters of the Territory having declined voting for State officers, though a very decided expression was given against the Lecompton Constitution, the majority against it having been placed at ten thousand.

"In many places in the Territory two distinct polls were kept open by the Calhoun Judges and the Free-State Judges.

"A day or two after the election the Free-State men were busy issuing a great number of warrants, and making arrests all over the Territory, under the recent legislative act against fraudulent voting. Extensive frauds had been committed in many places.

"The people were much excited, and our informants state that a more serious mischief than ever is undoubtedly brewing in the Territory."

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 13.—The Democrat has received advices from Kansas this evening stating that the State Legislature met at Topeka on the 4th, and after receiving Gov. Robinson's message adjourned to meet at Lawrence.

Mr. Calhoun, the President of the Lecompton Constitution, remains at Weston, Missouri, where he made a speech discouraging any entrance of the Territory by large bodies of men, but countenanced the propriety of single individuals rendering assistance to their personal friends.

The Message of Gov. Denver to the Legislature, ascribes the animosity and bitter feeling existing in the Territory more to personal hostility than political consideration. He refers to the action of the citizens of Nebraska as worthy of imitation by the people of Kansas. He draws attention to the second section of the schedule of the Lecompton Constitution, advising the avoidance of legislation until the action of Congress is ascertained; for should Kansas be admitted under that Constitution, all the acts of the Legislature will be nullified. He recommends early attention to the collection of a revenue for the building of a prison. He alludes to the rumor of the existence of an organization similar to the Danites of Utah, and advises action with reference thereto. Other suggestions, relative to amending the election laws, the protection of the school lands, &c., are made.

St. Louis, Jan. 14.—A despatch from Boonville, dated yesterday, brings a report that the Pro-Slavery party had carried both the ticket for State officers and the Legislature, at the election on the 4th.

It is stated that Governor Denver placed troops at the disposal of the Free State men, for the purpose of preventing any invasion that might be attempted from the border counties.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 16.—The Republican learns that Gen. Calhoun has returned to Lecompton under an escort of U. S. troops. It is also stated that he was to leave Leavenworth on Wednesday last for Washington with the Lecompton Constitution. The vote upon it at the last election is expected to arrive here to-night.

INTERESTING STATEMENT.—A mercantile agency in this city has recently issued a circular in regard to the business of the United States, the number of and losses by failures, &c., which presents some curious results—of course only approximative. The circular states that the number of firms in the United States, (California excepted) embracing all but a class of small retailers in the larger cities, is 204,061; or, estimating the population at 25,000,000, that there is a store for every 123 of our inhabitants, or to every 25 families. There has been lost by 337 swindling and absconding debtors, $5,222,500, and by 512 firms which will pay nothing, their losses and confidential debts absorbing everything, $20,309,000. There are 3,839 concerns owing $197,090,500, and they are such cases as usually average 40 to 50 cents; and there are 435 houses owing $77,189,000 which will pay in full if the times ahead prove to be ordinarily prosperous.

The total amount of the liabilities of the 5,123 failures is put down at	$209,901,000
But there will be realized from those who will pay in full	$77,159,000
And on the amount of "ordinary" failures, $197,090,000 at 40 cents	79,936,000
	158,021,000
Leaving a final loss of	$143,790,000

If the country storekeepers' general debt is, as hereinbefore mentioned, $2,282,000,000, it would be fair to infer that ordinarily the year's business would amount to all of double that sum, or $4,564,000,000. From this we would deduct for light trade last Spring, and the injury to sales this Fall, 40 per cent., which would make the business for 1857, with the country merchant, amount to $2,738,400,000, and as the losses for the year by this trade were $41,838,000, the per centage is about one and a half.

FARM BUILDINGS—THE CHEAPEST BARN.—At a Farmers' Club lately held in West Springfield, Massachusetts, after consultation and debate—

"It was decided that a large barn was better than two or more small ones; that a tight barn was better, even for badly-cured hay, than an open one; that a brick barn and a slate roof were the best and cheapest for a man who has all his materials to buy; that a good connection between a house and barn is a covered walk, overhung with grape vines; that economy of roof and convenience for work were of the first importance in any building; that warm water and warm stables were essential to the comfort of animals; that the housing of manures was judicious; that liquid manures are largely lost, even by those who have cellars and sheds for storing them; and that the best absorbers of liquid manure are buckwheat hulls, leaf mold saw-dust, fine sand, dried peat, turf and straw."

MEXICO.—From the Mexican journals and letters received by the Picayune, it appears that the recent revolutionary proceedings of General Comonfort, assisted by General Baez, in the city of Mexico, had been received with much disfavor in many of the interior portions of the country, and a large number of States had openly declared in the most violent manner against the new order of things.

Many of the principal towns, including Vera Cruz, had also joined in the opposition to Comonfort, and a formidable military coalition was in process of organization to assist in the movement against him. In several portions of the Republic, the troops were already in motion, and another change in the Executive power, at the date of the latest advices, appeared to be imminent.

THE POTATO ROT AN OLD DISEASE.—A friend sends us the following "extract from a German paper," which says that "potatoes were first introduced in Europe in 1585; 59 years after the rot commenced; 80 years after its introduction no good seed was to be had. In 1696 new seed was imported from Peru; 45 years after this the rot again commenced, and in 1779 no good seed was to be had. In 1797 new seed was again imported, and it did not get into general use till 1802 or 1803." If this is a fact, we should have it fully proved, and that would prove the necessity of frequently renewing the seed from the original locality.

☞ Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a familiar spirit, yet superior to our own.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

"The Englishman is never so much 'at home' as in his home. As soon as he has completed his day's toil, as soon as he can turn the key of his desk, his safe, or his manufactory door, then arises the vision straightway of his evening paradise. Then for home—for wife and babies—for *dinner*. He alights at his gate about five o'clock, and goes up through a lawn green as emerald, over walks smooth as marble, and through shrubbery as carefully trained and tended as a blooded racer for the 'Derby day.' The house is of yellow Portland stone, or else of brick, stuccoed to a cream color. This makes fine contrast with the green of the foliage. At the door, John Bull is let in by the rosiest and most wholesome of servants, very tidy and 'handy,' very obliging and obedient, but a little too obsequious in manner. In England, the laboring classes are as subservient as a certain class of American 'help' is saucy and impudent.

"What a bright glow breaks upon one in entering an English home! The walls are papered with a warm tint; the grate is blazing with a ruddy flame, (no black holes in the floor for the hot air *ab infernis*;) the carpet is ankle-deep in Wilton softness; the good genius of hospitality floats in the very atmosphere. By six o'clock a half-dozen friends have been 'set down' at the door, and duly announced by a white-cravated footman. The gentlemen are well dressed; the portly women are *sensibly* dressed, which is more than can be said of a dinner-party in Paris, or at the five hundred dollar 'feeds' of Mrs. Potiphar. When, as *the* guest of the evening, you have handed the lady of the house to the dining room, you will find that everything that is stiff or frigid in John Bull or his woman-kind is rapidly thawing out.

"The dinner is bountiful and genuine. No tit-bits on three-score dishes, as on the continent. No half-cooked 'experiments' of new cooks and young housekeepers. It is a solid roast beef and plum-pudding affair. When Mr. Bull wishes to honor a draft on his hospitality, he dresses his salmon, and roasts his beef, and toasts his grouse, and brings out his choicest old Burgundy, which his grandfather bottled up full five-and-twenty years ago. All these good things are 'punished' through two mortal hours; and, in despite of Solomon and Neal Dow, the company 'tarry long at the wine.' Not so bad, though, are the drinking usages as in days of yore. The wine-bottle is not passed so briskly, or pressed upon you so pertinaciously, as before the temperance reform 'shyed a stone' at the decanters. May I live to see the day when the last one is shattered!

"A French lady can give a splendid entertainment on two lemons. But it takes time, and toil, and terrible 'sword exercise' upon ribs and hind-quarters, rounds and sirloins, before you are through with an English dinner. At half-past seven the ladies withdraw to the parlor, and then comes a short 'grace,' and a long talk over news, trade, or politics. The Indian mutiny is discussed for the twentieth time—the suspension of the Bank charter—the new Reform project—the winner of the cup at the St. Leger race—the last serial by Boz—the proposal to grow cotton in India—the *furore* over Spurgeon—the launch of the unlaunched Leviathan. As an American guest, you will be asked a score of questions about the men and movements on this side of the water. A vast deal of curiosity is felt in regard to the very things that you will be least likely to expect a cross-questioning on. The vicar of the parish (who is a constant guest at the tables of his flock) will inquire about the workings of the 'voluntary system' in American churches, and whether our 'public school system comes up to our expectation?' Mr. High-Tory says that he don't believe any such system will ever answer at all in old England. Captain Full-Bottle will inquire of you whether 'there really *is* such a thing as the Maine Law in America!' Young Mr. Fitzfunny wishes you to tell him what a 'Mississippi sawyer' is, and whether the border ruffians are still troublesome in the neighborhood of New York? On all sides you will be beset with inquiries about the Mormons; for this most outlandish people are a perpetual riddle and mystery to our Anglican cousins. They cannot comprehend them, or why we should let them exist among us.

"When the dinner and the grapes are disposed of, the remainder of the evening is passed with the ladies in the drawing-room. In externals, the English woman is superior to her American cousins. Not in sprightliness, culture, or force of character. In these traits the New World boasts a superiority. American girlhood is also far more lovely than English. But after twenty-five, American beauty begins to fall off like rose-leaves in a shower; just then English beauty is approaching its prime! The British live slower, and live longer, and last longer, than we ever have or ever can in this severe climate, and under the high pressure of constant excitement. *In-doors* is fatal to our health. *Out-doors* freshens English cheeks, and gives vigor to English limbs. A Cunard captain once said to me, 'If you will send over your beautifully modelled steamers for us to put Glasgow engines in, you will see the most perfect vessels that ever crossed the ocean.' That may be true; but in humanity the rule is reversed. A stout English frame makes the best 'hull,' but the Yankee brain is the superior motive power."—*Young Mens' Magazine.*

INCOMPLETENESS OF WIT.—Wonder why authors and actors are ashamed of being funny? Why, there are obvious reasons, and deep philosophical ones. The clown knows very well that the women are not in love with him, but with Hamlet, the fellow in the black cloak and plumed hat. Passion never laughs. The wit knows that his place is at the tail of a procession.

If you want the deep, underlying reason, I must take more time to tell it. There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches. It throws a single ray, separated from the rest—red, yellow, blue, or any intermediate shade—upon an object; never white light; that is the province of wisdom. We get beautiful effects from wit—all the prismatic colors—but never the object as it is in fair daylight. A pun, which is a kind of wit, is a different and much shallower trick in mental optics: throwing the shadows of two objects so that one overlies the other. Poetry uses the rainbow tints for special effects, but always keeps its essential object in the purest white light of truth.—*Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE PATH THROUGH THE SNOW.

Bare and rambling, bright and bleak,
Rounded cold as a dead maid's cheek,
Folded white as a sinner's shroud
Or wandering angel's robe of cloud—
I know, I know,
Over the moor the path through the snow.

Narrow and rough it lies between
Wastes where the wind sweeps, biting keen,
And not a step of the slippery road
But marks where some weary foot has trod;
Who'll go, who'll go,
After the rest in the path through the snow!

They who would tread it must walk alone,
Silent and steadfast, one by one;
Dearest to dearest can only say,
"My heart, I follow thee all the way,
As we go, as we go,
Each after each in the path through the snow."

It may be under the glittering haze
Lurks the promise of golden days,
That each sentinel tree is quivering
Deep at its core with the blood of spring,
And as we go, as we go,
Green blades are piercing the frozen snow.

It may be the unknown path will tend
Never to any earthly end,
Die with the dying day obscure,
And never lead to a human door,
That none knew who did go
Patiently once on this path through the snow.

No matter—no matter! The path shines plain,
The pure snow-crystals will deaden pain;
Above, like stars in the deep blue dark,
Guiding spirits will stand and mark;
Let us go, let us go,
Whither Heaven leads in the path through the snow!

TAMING OF A SHREW.

The origin of Shakspeare's idea for his drama of the "Taming of a Shrew," is to be found in an old Spanish chronicle, a translation of which I now present to your readers:—

"In a certain town there was a Moor of great respectability, who had a son, the best young man in the world, full of great projects, but so poor that he had the will but not the power to execute them. In the same place there was another Moor, very rich, and he had an only daughter, but she was a devil, and nobody would marry her. The young man came one day to his father, and said: 'Father, I am weary of the poor and wretched life I lead—I wish to marry.' The father said he should be delighted if his son should find a party that suited him. Upon which the young man named his neighbor's daughter. On hearing this the father was much surprised; but the son persisted in desiring his father to speak to the Moor, who was his intimate friend, and ask him for his daughter. The Moor said, when he was applied to, that he had no objection, but that whosoever had his daughter would be better dead than alive. The wedding day, however was fixed, and the bride was led away to her husband's house, and, according to the Moorish custom, a supper was prepared, and the fathers and mothers left the bride and bridegroom together till the next day, not without great fear and suspicion that they should find the bridegroom in the morning dead or not far from it. As soon as they were gone the new married couple sat down at the table, and before she could speak, he, looking about him, saw one of his house-dogs, and calling to him with a loud voice, ordered him to bring water to wash his hands, which the dog not doing, he got up in a rage, and drew his sword; this the dog seeing, ran away, and he after him, till he caught him, and cut off his head and legs, and his body in pieces, and dashed his blood over the table, and all over the room: then came and seated himself at the table. He looked round again, and saw a Maltese beagle, and gave him the same order; but on his not complying, he first threatened to serve him as he had done the mastiff: then springing from the chair he caught him by the legs, and cut him into a hundred pieces; then he returned a second time to the table, making horrid faces, and stared wildly around him. The bride, who was an eye-witness of all this, was beside herself for fear, and stupid, without being able to utter a syllable. He then swore he would serve every living creature in the same manner, not excepting his horse, which was the only one remaining to him; then having killed his horse, he came back to the table with his sword reeking in blood, and seeing no other animal to kill, turned his eyes on his wife, and cried, with a furious tone of voice, 'Get up and bring me water to wash my hands!' She immediately arose and brought him water. Then he said, 'If you had not done it, I would have served you as I served the dogs and the horse.' He then ordered her to help him, which she did, but with so horrid an accent that she expected to have her head cut off. In this same manner they passed the night together, and she never spoke; and when they had slept some little while he said to his wife, 'I have not been able to rest for rage to-night. See that nobody disturb me to-morrow morning, and take care that I have a good breakfast.' Early in the morning the parents of the bride and bridegroom knocked at the door, and as no one answered, they concluded that the bridegroom was either killed or wounded, and when the bride came to the door without her husband, they were confirmed in their suspicions. As soon as she saw them, she began to call them traitors, and asked them how they dared to come to the door without speaking. 'Make no noise, or you are all dead men.' This astonished them still more, and when they knew how the night had been spent, they thought very highly of the young man for his great skill in governing his wife, and arranging his household; and from that day forward she was so well managed that he lived perfectly well with her; and the father-in-law took a hint from his son, and killed a horse to keep his wife in order."

THE EMBRACES OF "SOCIETY."—Are not the laws of society and the amenities of civilized life supreme over such trifles as personal animosities? How many women are there who never meet without mingling in a close embrace, when each is to the other a Brinvilliers in heart! "My gentle cousin Kate, only last night I saw you greet your intimate enemy. It was the most gushing thing I ever imagined. The kisses were profuse and tantalizing in the extreme; yet, I wis, if thoughts could kill, dearest Emma's neck would have been safer in the hug of a Norway bear than in the clasp of your white willowy arms. Are there not men, sitting constantly at each other's tables, who in the Golden Age, when people spoke and acted as they felt, would only have encountered at the sword's point?—*Guy Livingston.*

SMALL FOOTED LADIES.

We extract the following from the letter of the *London Times* correspondent at Shanghai:

A fisherman and his wife push their way by. The lady, who is not in her *première jeunesse*, has large natural feet, and having tucked up her trowsers, displays a pair of calves which an Irish porter might envy. Taking advantage of their wake, stiffly totters upon her small deer's feet an extraordinary China-woman of the urban population. She has no calves whatever. The muscles of her leg were destroyed by the operation which produced that beautiful foot, and from the knee downwards her leg is but skin and bone. Do you ask how this strange deformity is produced? Stand back of the crowd, inside the entrance to Mr. Heard's compound, and I will tell you. There are small footed ladies at Hong Kong who gain a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their pedal extremities to sea captains and other curious Europeans at a dollar a head; but, as so superficial an examination of this national peculiarity did not satisfy me, I had a recourse to some of my good friends among the missionaries. By their aid I obtained that some poor Chinese woman should bring me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary schools. Many of these female children probably owed their lives to the persuasion (aided by opportune donations of rice) of my missionary friend and his lady, but their influence had been powerless to prevent the torture of their feet. On the appointed day they were all seated in a row in my friend's library, and their feet, which I suspect had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mammas. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off I found that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ceding to the continual pressure, lost their articulation and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel. In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bones and tendon accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel. This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel, with a mark, like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced perhaps by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mistere de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived!

LOVE'S SEASONS AND REASONS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I love my love in spring-time,
For beauty fresh as May,
For cheeks like early roses,
For eyes as bright as day;
For breath like balm of lilies,
For smiles like sunrise clear;
I love my love in spring-time,
And love her all the year.

I love my love in summer,
For promise warm and true,
For truth like noonday throwing
A light on old and new;
For wealth of bloom and freshness,
And shady comfort near;
I love my love in summer,
And love her all the year.

I love my love in autumn,
For fruit of gentle deeds,
For wisdom to be garnered
To serve our future needs;
For virtues ripening ever,
Like harvests full in ear;
I love my love in autumn,
And love her all the year.

I love my love in winter,
For charities untold,
For warmth of household welcome,
For looks that thaw the cold;
For harmless mirth and pastime,
As rich at Christmas cheer;
I love my love in winter,
And love her all the year.

A HIT BY A MISS.—Congreve rockets were invented in 1803, by Sir William Congreve. On a certain occasion, when visiting Westminster Abbey, in company with some ladies, his attention was directed by one of the party to the inscription on the great composer, Purcell's monument: "He has gone to that place where only his music can be excelled." "There, Sir William," said the young lady, "substitute fireworks for music, and that epitaph will answer for yourself."

☞ "Where do all the pins go to?" This question, which has so long agitated the world, has at length been solved. It has been discovered that they fall to the earth and become terra-pins.

CATAWBA WINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

This song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,—
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscatel
That bask in our garden alleys,—

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For the richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees
Forever going and coming,
So this crystal hive
Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in their way
Are the Verzenay,
And the Sillery soft and creamy;
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling Atlantic,
To rack our brains
With the fever pains
That have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer!
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but name it;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

—*From the Atlantic Monthly.*

A GOOD WORD FOR THE BOYS.

We cannot but look upon that class of beings stigmatized by the term *boys* with some lively touch of pity. Particularly when transplanted from the soil where they were born, and placed under foreign influences, are they deserving of this humane sentiment. Would any man who has passed a moderately comfortable life be willing to live over the decade between his fifth and fifteenth years? Does any one feel a response to his heart to that lyrical wish, now popularized by the street-organ, to be a boy again? The truth is, that the boy, as regards his conception of his own nature and its due education, is in advance of his age. He is not understood, or misunderstood. We arrogantly put him into that class which Sir William Blackstone denominates *fere naturæ*, and base our plans for his improvement upon the assumption of his total depravity. He has ambition which burns out in disappointment; he has dreams of heroism and love which he dares not confide to another; he has keen sensibilities which his elders do not forbear to taunt or disregard; he has an understanding of matters whereof he is assumed to be absurdly ignorant; he has aching doubts about life and death which he knows not where to satisfy. Often, like one who wanders in the dark, his undeveloped reason and half-knowledge fail to guide him through the night into which his more mature fancy hurries him, and he stumbles over chasms, or starts at those awful phantoms of the brain which the firmness of riper intellect cannot at all times exorcise. The loneliness of night, the mystery of the heavens, the sadness of good-by, fill his imagination and grasp his whole soul with a power which lessens as he advances in years. Like young Albano, in Jean Paul's delectable romance of *Titan*, he has to restrain and hide within himself all his emotions, his longings, his precious thoughts, for fear of some stern father or some domesticated Diogenes; or, if he ventures to unbosom himself to an imagined friend of his own age, asking only for the bread of sympathy which his heart craves, it is but to find himself possessed of the scorpion of treachery and neglect, and perhaps, at last, he flies to the beauty of some amiable girl, whom his ardent enthusiasm clothes with every grace and every virtue, who smiles upon him, and comprehends him no more than he comprehends the ocean.—*North American Review.*

BURNING RATS ALIVE.—The following curious but cruel custom, is occasionally practised in the vaults of the warehouses and on board the vessels in the harbor of Kingston-upon-Hull. A rat having been caught alive in a wire trap, is dipped into strong spirit, and a lighted match having been applied, the burning animal is turned loose near one of its haunts; it is supposed that the rats have places of rendezvous, where they congregate when danger is threatened, and that the shrieking, half-roasted wretch seeks one of these places, and so terrifies its fellows by its cries and appearance, that they ever afterwards refrain from visiting the vault or vessel. Some years since, a gentleman, who had just returned from Rome, informed me that he had witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a large number of rats, after having been dipped into spirits of turpentine and set on fire, being turned loose at the top of the flight of steps which leads to the Vatican (!) to the Piazza below. A great crowd of persons was assembled to witness the spectacle, which took place at night; and I think my informant stated, was customary on the evening of a particular day of the year; the miserable rats which left the top step of the flight like living balls of fire—amidst the shouts of the populace—arrived at the bottom mere masses of scorched flesh.—*Notes and Queries.*

PROGRESS IN GERMANY.

There crawls past our window the same ox-wagon as the people used when the Romans were here teaching them the arts of civilized life; and if we walked down to the Rhine, we should see the very same rude, square-bowed boats that Germanicus originally taught them to build—now nearly 1800 years ago! Their ploughs, too, remain to this day the models of the old Roman "*aratra*," and even the "*Hasenscheln*" and "*Kunkel-maitzen*" worn by the peasant women on the banks of the Middle Rhine are merely the remains of the old Roman fashions. Hence, with the Rhenish people, the world seems to have stood still since the time of Tiberius, or at least, Charlemagne. "But have the Coblenz people no gas in their streets?" it may be asked. "Yes, they have," is the reply; "but a Frenchman manufactures it for them." "Have they no steam engines?"—"Certainly; but they are all constructed in England." Their steam vessels are built by English shipwrights. Their railways, again, are cut by English navigators, and managed by English directors; their mines are almost all worked by Englishmen; and Englishmen, too, are mostly at the head of their factories. Indeed, the German mind is naturally so slow, and the people so innately averse to any land-conveyance that travels at a quicker pace than an aged cow, or to any vessel that cuts through the water at a more rapid rate than a Dutch "*trekschuit*," that at the last Revolution the populace fired at the steam-tugs as they passed up the Rhine, and we were credibly assured that should another such outbreak take place, every engine in the land would be destroyed. *Now*, did you ever happen, sapient reader—we suppose we must call you so—to see a fire in any of the German towns? Were you ever roused from your slumbers in the dead of the night by the "*Nacht-wacht*" who sits perched up in the church-steeple, bellowing with his horn through the air like some spectral bull? Did you ever hear the watchman, who ordinarily whistles the hour through the streets at night time, roar "*Achtung*" as he banged the shutters of all the houses in the street?—for in this most scientific country there are neither knockers nor bells to the doors; no! nor any fire-brigade connected with the town—every citizen being compelled by law to assist at the extinction of the flames! Did you ever, at such a time, hasten to the burning house, and witness the *wonderful* scientific attainments of these highly educated Deutschers? Have you seen them, as we have, bring the water in barrels from the river side?—the nation of *sauans* having neither mains in the street nor cisterns in the houses. Have you ever heard of whole towns being destroyed, owing to the defective appliances throughout Germany upon these matters—as well as the utter ignorance of the people who were to throw the thimblefull of water that they bring, one by one, to the spot? Did you ever read that it was an English engineer, Mr. Lindley, who extinguished the great fire at Hamburg, after the poor, simple Germans had let it burn on for three days and nights, destroying nearly 2,000 houses, and upwards of sixty streets? Let us add, too, that at the time the Coblenz prison was on fire, it was the English chaplain who stayed the ravages of the flames, as was testified by the public thanks of the town voted him in consequence. *And we ourselves have been forced to show these wiseacres how to act on a* similar occasion. In fine it may be said, without injustice to the nation, that the peculiar complexion of the German mind is of that childish or simpletonic quality which English young gentlemen delight to denominate as "verdant," and that often their acknowledged *sauans* devote their whole lives to the study of the most frivolous subjects. Once we were introduced to a German *Weiser*, who, a Teutonic friend assured us, bore a high reputation in the Rhenish provinces. We naturally begged to be informed to what point of science he directed his attention. Was it Astronomy, we wondered, by which he sought to fathom the infinite ocean of space? Or was it Geology that he studied, in order to read the wondrous story of creation graven on the everlasting tablets of the rocks? Or was it Physiology that he was striving to unriddle, so as to get even a glimpse into the profound mysteries of life and organism? or Chemistry? or Mechanics? or Botany? No! it was none of these. Neither the stars, nor the rocks, nor the flowers, nor human life interested him; only—*Cockchafers!* He was, we were assured, the greatest "*Coleopterist*"—or rather cockchaferist, in all the world.—*Henry Mayhew's Upper Rhine.*

YOUTH.

Linger not upon the hour
Of the green leaf and the flower;
Art thou happy? For thy sake
Do the birds their music make—
Birds with golden plumes that bring
Sunshine from a distant spring.
For thine eyes the roses grow
Red as sunset, white as snow,
And the bees are gathering gold
Ere the winter hours come cold.
Flowers are coloring the wild-wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood?
Break not its enchanted reign—
Such life never knows again.

—*Miss Landon.*

VENICE.—Ruskin, in his great work, "The Stones of Venice," thus eloquently writes:—"When sensuality and idolatry had done their work, and the religion of the empire was laid asleep in a glittering sepulchre, the living light rose up between two hemispheres, and the fierce swords of the Lombard and the Arab were shaken over its golden parapets. The work of the Lombard was to give a hardihood and system to the enervated body and enfeebled mind of Christendom; that of the Arab was to punish idolatry, and to proclaim the spirituality of worship. The Lombard covered every church which he built with the sculptured representations of bloody exercises, hunting, and war. The Arab banished all imagination of creature from his temples, and proclaimed from their minarets, 'There is no God but God.' Opposite in their character and mission, alike in their magnificence and energy, they came from the North and from the South, the glacier torrent and the lava stream; they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman empire, and the very centre of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead waters of the opposite eddies, charged with the embayed fragments of the Roman wreck, is Venice."

☞ Cato said, "he had rather people should inquire why he had not a statue erected to his memory than why he had."

WINTER SONG.

If the wind blow,
And the snows snow,
And the fire nap spite,
Love is alive on a winter night!

When the stars glisten,
Listen! oh, listen!
If the world be white,
Ho! there is fun on a winter night!

Let the winds blow then:
Let the snows snow then,
And the world was white,
All is right on a winter night!

—*Louisville Journal.*

DR. KANE IN BOYHOOD.

When he was ten years old, four or five neighbor boys, all bigger than himself, who had climbed upon the roof of a back building in his father's yard, were amusing themselves by shooting putty-wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha attracted to the spot by the outcry of the injured party, promptly undertook the defence, and in the firm tone of a young gentleman offended, required them to desist and leave the premises; which, of course, was instantly answered by a broadside levelled at himself. Fired at the outrage, he clutched the rain-spout, climbed like a young tiger to the roof, and was among them before they could realize the practicability of the feat; and then he had them on terms even enough for a handsome settlement of the case.

The roof was steep and dangerous to his cowed antagonists, but safe to his better balance and higher courage, and they were at his mercy; for no one could help another, and he was more than a match for the best of them, in a position where peril of a terrible tumble was among the risks of resistance. Forthwith he went at them *seriatim*, till, severally and singly, he had cuffed them to the full measure of their respective deservings. But not satisfied with inflicting punishment, he exacted penitence also, and he proceeded to drag each of them in turn to the edge of the roof, and holding him there, demanded an explicit apology.

Before he had finished putting the whole party through this last form of purgation, little Tom, who had witnessed the performance from the pavement below, greatly terrified by the imminent risk of a fall, which would have broken a neck or two, mayhap, called out,—"Come down, Elisha! Oh, Elisha, come down!"

Elisha answered the appeal in the spirit of the engagement,

"No, Tom, they ain't done apologizing yet."—*Dr. Elder's Biography of Kane, the Arctic Explorer.*

ALI PASHA AND ENGINEERING DIFFICULTIES.—"Ah!" said the Pasha, laughing, "I know all that; I shall have difficulties; what can be done without difficulty? all my life I have been contending against them; I have always overcome them, and, Inshallah, I will do so still! Did you see," he added, with increased animation, "a canal that joins the Nile a few miles northward of this spot?" Mr. Thorpe had noticed it, but had not thought of inquiring whither it led. "Well, then," continued the Pasha, "that canal leads to a large village in the middle of the Delta, *from which and from the neighboring provinces it brings* the produce down to the Nile. How do you think I made that canal? You shall hear. Two years ago I stopped here on my way to Cairo from Alexandria, and having determined to make a canal from the Nile to that village, I sent for the chief engineer of the province, and having given him the length, breadth, and depth of the canal required, I asked him in what space of time he would undertake to make it. He took out his pen and paper, and having made his calculations, he said that if I gave him an order on the governor of the province for the labor required he would undertake to finish it in a year. My reply was a signal to my servants to throw him down and give him 200 blows of the stick on his feet. This ceremony being concluded, I said to him, 'Here is the order for the number of laborers you may require; I am going to Upper Egypt, and shall come back in four months; if the canal is not completed by the day of my return, you shall have 300 more.'" In relating this story the Pasha's eyes sparkled, and he almost jumped from his sitting posture with excitement, as he added, rubbing his hands—"By Allah, the canal *was* completed when I returned." A true story, and one that Mehamet Ali used to tell with great glee.—*Hassan, by the Hon. C. A. Murray.*

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S FATHER—HIS GREAT STRENGTH.—Peter Jefferson's physique is described by Mr. Randall as follows:

He was a man of gigantic stature—plain and averse to display—he was grave, taciturn, slow to make, and not over prompt to accept advances. He was one of those calmly and almost sternly self-relying men, who lean on none—who desire help from none. And he certainly had both muscles and mind that could be trusted! He could simultaneously "heap up" (raise from their sides to an upright position) two hogsheads of tobacco, weighing nearly a thousand pounds apiece! He once directed three able bodied slaves to pull down a ruinous shed by means of a rope. After they had again and again made the effort, he bade them stand aside, seized the rope, and dragged down the structure in an instant. Traditions have come down of his continuing his lines as a surveyor through savage wildernesses, after his assistants had given out from famine and fatigue, subsisting on the raw flesh of game, and even of his carrying mules, when other food failed.

TRUE PRIDE.—Christian Rauch, the late sculptor, was never ashamed of the humble beginnings of his career. It is true that he did not seek the opportunity to speak of the time when he wore the lacquey's livery; but, that opportunity once given, he did not shrink from giving utterance to recollections which, to a less elevated mind, would, perhaps, have been painful. One day, it is reported in the German papers, he accepted an invitation of the Court, and was riding to the castle, accompanied by Prince Wistgenstein, in one of the royal carriages. "Your highness," Rauch smiling said, "has most likely forgotten that I have already had the honor of riding in your company this same road?" "I really have no recollection of the fact," the Prince answered. "Why," was the reply, "that can be easily understood; for it is now more than forty years since, and besides, at that time your highness rode inside the carriage, and I—stood behind!"

Original Novelet.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A Historical Romance
OF
FRANCE AND THE SWISS CANTONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXV.

"CHARLES THE TERRIBLE."

While the concluding events we have related were passing in the chateau De Varens, the headlong sortie of Count James d'Armagnac, dispersing the soldiers of Chabannes, had opened a path to the valley below, by which a score or two of his followers were enabled to cut their way to the open country. Not so fortunate, however, was their brave lord: for though inspired with superhuman resolution, he had achieved success in his first onset, nature soon succumbed under the violence of his exertions. Reaching the hamlet of De Varens, he had fallen from his saddle and sunk senseless amid the melee of battle. Recovering consciousness, it was to find himself in the tent of Count de Dammartin, and a captive of his suzerain, the King of France.

Thus fell into the hands of the politic Louis the Duke de Nemours, the last of those formidable barons whose united assistance had enabled their feudal chief, the Duke of Burgundy, to measure successfully his own power with that of the French monarch. Charles the Rash now found himself alone in his contest with his royal rival; as the Duke of Brittany and Charles de Berri, brother of Louis, had already renounced alliance with their former friend. After those serious defections, the Duke of Burgundy cherished one reliance still for outside aid: and this was on his brother-in-law, Edward, then King of England. But, as if all his hopes were to be frustrated at once, Warwick, the "king-maker," who was the head of the Lancastrian party, had suddenly turned against Edward, defeated and dethroned him, and forced him to fly for protection to Charles the Rash, instead of coming, as he had promised, with ten thousand men to his assistance against Louis. Thus, one by one, the Duke's allies were rendered powerless or inimical, and Louis XI., unable to conceal his triumph, directed the General Chabannes to prepare for immediate hostilities against Burgundy.

"Oh, my dear lord Dammartin," he wrote to the general, "I can imagine no other Paradise than to thwart the designs of Burgundy."

Acting on this feeling, he at once repudiated the treaty of Peronne, and ordered Charles to appear before him at Paris, as a rebellious vassal, to give an account of his conduct.

The Duke of Burgundy was in Ghent when the herald of France appeared before him with the mandate of King Louis; but the fiery prince trampled the document under his feet, and scourged the messenger who brought it. The war broke out afresh, and Charles collected a new army to withstand the forces of Louis.

Thus fared the two great factions which disputed the possession of half the French soil—and involved, moreover, the triumph or fall of feudalism in the kingdom—when, at the close of a hot day in June, a horse, covered with dust, and bearing two riders, ambled leisurely over the highroad near the borders of the French territory extending to the banks of the river Somme, beyond which were the dominions claimed as independent possessions by Charles of Burgundy. The animal was a stout roan, of Flemish breed and of great strength, as was manifest by the ease with which he carried his two riders, one of whom was an elderly man, and the other a youth, who conversed together as they journeyed.

"We must be near Neale, Simon Gütt," said the young rider. "'Twas to be four leagues from the hostel where we broke fast at high noon; and 'tis now vespers."

"Ay, my master," rejoined his companion; "and right glad will Simon Gütt be when Neale receives us. Mine eyes are blind with dust, and—"

"Close thine eyes, then, good Simon," interrupted the youth, who rode behind the Swiss serving-man; "for there is more dust still in the road before us!"

He pointed, as he spoke, to a cloud of dust which appeared at about the distance of half-a-mile, indicating, without doubt, the advance of a large travelling party.

"Let us to one side, among the trees," said Simon Gütt, "till the band, whatever it be, shall pass us by. There be other things to fear beside dust, now-a-days: and 'twere best to be prudent, master Alphonse."

"As thou wilt, Simon," said the youth; and without more ado the serving-man guided their horse aside from the road into the wood that skirted it, where he reined him quietly in a concealed portion till the other wayfarers should pass by. Some time, however, elapsed before the character of the latter could be made out; during which the two travellers dismounted and watched their slow approach. When, at length, the foremost could be seen, they saw that he wore the dress of a free archer, but that he carried neither bow nor curtal-axe, nor, indeed, a weapon of any description; but came slowly halting in the dust of the highway, with head drooping, and eyes upon the ground. Ere they could express to one another their surprise, another and another, in the same archer's garb, and alike weaponless, followed in succession, and then, by twos and threes, uttering doleful groans, mingled with fierce curses, there passed scores upon scores, at the same uncertain pace, until full five hundred were noted by the concealed observers. But what was more astonishing, as well as frightful, was the discovery which Simon Gütt, albeit with blinded eyes, speedily made, that each one of these five hundred free archers held his right arm in a sling formed of a bow-string, and that a horrible mutilation had been inflicted on every man—his right hand having been cut off at the wrist, leaving only the stump wrapped round with rags, through which the blood oozed as they walked. Some of these wretched men were wounded and maimed elsewhere: but all shared alike the loss of a good right hand.

"Ah, my God!" cried Simon Gütt, as he drew a long breath, after the last of the poor archers had limped by, "what terrible cruelty has been done here!"

"By our Lady, I will learn more concerning this strange sight!" replied Alphonse. And walking out at once into the highway, he drew nigh to one of the sufferers, and in a tone of commiseration, inquired the reason of his mutilation.

The archer addressed was a fierce-looking man, of middle age; and to the youth's question he responded, with a fearful oath.

"My hand—the butcher of Burgundy keeps it in pledge that I will not draw arrow against him again!"

"Ay!" cried a companion, who walked beside, speaking in the Picard dialect, "five hundred right hands are nailed to the gates of Neale, while Charles the Terrible drinks blood with his butchers in the palace! May all the curses of hell be his henceforth and forever!"

Alphonse turned sadly away, and regarded the long line of maimed archers as they went on, bruiting their maledictions against Charles of Burgundy, till their voices could be no longer heard, and their forms were lost in the clouds of dust that rose behind them. Then remounting the roan, the two travellers pursued their way, arriving at dusk before the gate of Neale, at which were bands of soldiers wearing the colors of Burgundy.

"We are two humble wayfarers," said Simon Gütt, in reply to a man-at-arms, who suddenly seized the reins of their steed.

"Are ye for the Duke or the King?" demanded the soldier, fiercely.

"We are peaceable abiders of the law, and quarrel with no man," returned Simon Gütt.

"Whence journey ye?"

"From the Swiss mountains, to seek relations in France," interposed Alphonse.

But the soldier cried:

"Silence, malapert! let the graybeard answer! Or dismount, both, and let us see what ye have hid in your sacks."

He laid his hand, as he said this, on a couple of small panniers affixed to the girths under their blanket—for saddle they boasted not—which contained a few changes of raiment.

"You will fine nought that is treasonable with us," said the Swiss, good-humoredly, as he alighted.

But the soldier, who had been attentively regarding his features by the light of a torch which another held, now grasped him violently by the throat, exclaiming, with an oath,

"Villain! incendiary! I know thee well!"

"In the Lord's name! why do you maltreat me?" cried Simon Gütt, struggling to free himself from the soldier's choking clutch.

Alphonse hurried to his assistance, and struck aside the ruffian's arm, but several of the man's comrades threw themselves forward with ready weapons in their hands, and the pair would have been overpowered in a moment, had not a horseman ridden up hastily from the gate on discovering the tumult.

"How now, brawling knaves! are ye fighting among yourselves? Have ye not drunk blood enough this day?"

"It is the Duke's physician!" whispered the soldiers, as they fell back before the rider, who, clad in black, and with but a plain sword at his side, rode into the crowd of turbulent men-at-arms.

"What is it ye do?" he demanded, sharply.

"Your lordship, we have discovered a great villain here!" answered the ruffian who had seized Simon Gütt, but now released his hold. "This graybeard was a groom of that Blue Boar hostelry, wherein our noble and conquering Duke did barely escape the flames. 'Tis now four years or more, but may the fiend fly away with me if I remember not his gray beard and round eyes as 'twere yesterday! I shot at the murtherer in the wood that night, but Satan did turn the bullet."

"What sayst, sirrah? Is it true that thou art a murthering incendiary?" cried the physician, Angelo Catho, addressing the Swiss.

"It is true that I was a servitor at the hostelry, and no more," replied Simon Gütt; "but, as God shall judge me, I know nought concerning the cause for which my poor master's house was burned."

"He does lie!" rejoined the soldier. "Was not your lordship present when this graybeard's fellow, the groom, was flayed alive? If they were both serving-men at the hostelry why should not this villain be scourged to death like his comrade?"

"Follow me!" was the brief response which the physician vouchsafed to the soldier's harangue, as he fixed his keen eye upon the Swiss. "Who is thy companion?"

"A youth who seeks kindred in Gascony," replied Simon Gütt. "There be no treason between us, as the Lord shall judge!"

"Follow me!" reiterated Angelo Catho; and turning his horse's head, he rode toward the gate.

Simon Gütt and Alphonse remounted their roan and urged him forward; while the men-at-arms, with many muttered threats, drew near each other, discussing the well-nigh forgotten subject, just recalled, of the burning of the hostelry on the morning of St. Tron's battle.

Angelo Catho meanwhile rode into the town of Neale, traversing the main street towards the great church, while the riders of the roan kept close behind. It was now nightfall, but the way was illumined by hundreds of torches, brandished in the hands of soldiers, who with naked swords, ran wildly up and down. These torches flashed upon the gutters of the streets, down which flowed what seemed to be water: but as the roan at a crossing splashed the dank tide upward, Alphonse and Simon Gütt uttered an exclamation of horror; for they saw that the stream was of blood. In a few moments they reached a square in front of the church, and here the appalled travellers beheld a spectacle which caused them to close their eyes, in deadly sickness, so wantonly murderous and unnatural did it appear.

The blaze of a thousand torches cast its lurid glare upon a multitude of soldiers who thronged about the open doors of the church, armed with every description of weapon. Above the doors were nailed hundreds of human hands, the trophies hacked from the free archers whom the travellers had encountered on the road to Neale. At a little distance from the church stood a gallows, from which dangled the body of a man in archer's garb, and to this body were affixed scores of the same bleeding human hands. This was the body of Le Petit Picard, captain of the five hundred free archers of Neale, who had been hanged without mercy when captured, his followers being condemned by the victor to the cruel mutilation which they had suffered. The two travellers turned their gaze from the horrid sight, only to encounter a scene more frightful and vividly repulsive.

The square, as has been remarked, was crowded with soldiers, forming a semi-circle around the doors of the church, which stood upon the highest ground. As Alphonse and Simon Gütt looked toward this church, they beheld a band of ruffians in the Burgundian colors, emerge hastily from the doors, dragging by the hair scores of women and girls, and holding above their heads young babes transfixed with spear heads. The most heart-rending shrieks now rose, mingled with discordant cries and shouts of triumph; and then the soldiers tossed forward the wretched women and girls to their infuriated comrades below the church steps, who received them with sword thrusts and strokes of axes. All the space in front of the church and on the spacious steps were piled with dead bodies lying one upon another; and from these the blood gushed in a wide stream into the gutters and beneath the feet of their merciless enemies. Each moment the ruffians drew forth new victims, and the air was pierced with shrieks, while over all the torches cast an unearthly glare, so that the scene appeared to be infernal, and its actors demons rather than human forms. Doctor Angelo Catho, physician of the Duke, paused a moment, viewing the spectacle with a calm eye, but the two who rode close behind him averted their eyes in silent horror. At this moment a blast of trumpets and loud shoutings announced the approach of Charles of Burgundy. He came at the head of a cavalcade of nobles and knights, each seeming to outdo the other in bravery of apparel and richness of horse-furniture. Charles himself was clad in complete armor of black, with the blue scarf of his family crossed over his breast, and the Lion of Flanders emblazoned upon the costly saddle-cloth that descended below his horse's knees. As he advanced the steed's hoofs plashed up the warm blood, staining the trappings; and looking downward the conqueror beheld the bodies of women and children stripped naked and covered with wounds, on either side of his pathway.

"Hah!" he cried, "I have good butchers about me. These are the fruits of the tree of man! But it is a terrible sight!"

As he uttered these words, the soldiery intoxicated with blood, shouted anew, crying, "Long live Charles the Terrible!"

"Well," muttered the Duke, turning to the Sieur de Coutay, who rode beside him, "it is as good a name as 'Charles the Rash.'" Then, reining his horse, he proceeded slowly on past the church, which was now a shamble, and followed by knights and gentlemen, descended toward the gates.

When the cavalcade had cleared the square, the Count de Campo Basso bending his head, inquired of his master,

"Shall I give the signal?"

"If it is time," answered the Duke.

The Italian rose in his stirrups, and grasping a torch from a follower, waved it aloft three times, and then cast it into the open window of a dwelling which they were then passing. In an instant hundreds of torches were brandished in a similar manner, and men could be seen rushing frantically to and fro, entering houses, and then emerging to enter others. Presently from one, and another, and a score of buildings, flames burst forth, and mounted to the roofs. Charles of Burgundy had ordered the town to be burned, and his butchers were turned incendiaries.

"Follow me!" said Angelo Catho, beckoning to the two travellers, and spurring his steed in the rear of the Duke's cavalcade. The riders of the roan kept close, fearing now to lose sight of their protector, lest they might be murdered at once by the maddened Burgundians. In a short time they had reached the gate, out of which crowds of soldiers were pouring, with burdens of plunder gathered from the sacked houses, now doomed to general conflagration.

At a farm-house some distance from the walls, chosen as the head-quarters of the Duke, Angelo Catho and the two travellers approached the Prince, who was observing the flames of Neale as they flared against the sky and cast their lurid effulgence over groups of fugitives who, escaping from the city in all directions, were pursued by soldiers on foot and horseback, and cut down remorselessly, without distinction of age or sex. Charles turned quickly as the physician approached him.

"These fellows," said the Italian, pointing to his followers, "may recall some reminiscences to your grace. The elder confesses to have been a groom at the Inn of St. Tron, where a great calamity so nearly chanced to us."

"The Inn of St. Tron!" mused Charles, "where a groom was scourged to death by your brother Campo Basso's orders, Angelo!"

"It is true," answered the physician, "and the host himself perished under the whip at Liege, as your grace may remember. But this fellow escaped it seems: and is but now from the Swiss valleys."

"Knowest aught concerning the burning of the Inn of St. Tron?" demanded Charles, abruptly addressing Simon Gutt, who had removed his cap and was awaiting humbly whatever might befall him; "speak boldly, or it shall be worse for thee!"

The Swiss replied,

"As God shall judge me, my lord, I am innocent of all blame in that business. I was aroused by the flames, and hastened at once to save the horses under my charge, the which being done, I was suddenly set upon by armed men, whom I did 'scape by flying to the wood."

"And where hast thou since sojourned?"

"In my native country of Switzerland, whence I am now journeying, with the poor youth whom my lord sees, in order that he may seek kindred in Gascony."

The serving-man uttered these words in a faltering tone: for he was panic-stricken by the sight he had just witnessed, and dreaded each moment lest some of the fierce Duke's followers might strike him a murderous blow.

Charles regarded him scrutinizingly a moment and then said,

"Thou art from the Swiss valleys! Art likewise from the country of James de Romont?"

"We are from Alsatia, my lord!"

"Answer me then, quickly: and take heed what thou sayst? Are the Swiss leaguers plotting new mischief against my friends in the cities? I have news that thy countrymen have little love for Charles of Burgundy."

"It is not Charles of Burgundy whom they hate," cried the youth Alphonse, perceiving that Simon Gütt hesitated to respond to the Duke's questions.

"Hah, boy! and who else do they honor with their ill-will?"

"The Duke of Burgundy's unfaithful and tyrannous governors!" replied Alphonse, boldly: "who oppress the people, like Von Hagenbach in the comté of Ferret, and turn their master's friends into deadly enemies."

"By St. George! thou art a bold stripling!" cried the Duke, regarding Alphonse attentively; "how darest prate thus of my good Governor Hogenbach, who curbs his turbulent comté as a strong rider reins his steed? Have a care with thy rash tongue, youth!"

"I speak truth, my lord," returned Alphonse; "the Governor Hogenbach is hated by the people; and they call him 'Geeler' through all the cantons!"

"Hah!" cried Charles. "That was the Austrian whom Tell slew with an arrow—eh! well! was it not? Speak! are there more Tells in Switzerland, youth?"

"I doubt me there be a hundred in each canton," answered Alphonse, without shrinking. The Duke regarded him narrowly, and then said sharply—

"Boy! thou hadst better seek out thy Gascon kindred and tarry with them; for as the Lord lives, Charles of Burgundy will make short work of thy hundred Tells if they lay hands on his Governor, Hogenbach. Now get ye hence, and take heed of your ways! Let them depart, Angelo!"

"Will not your grace have further speech with this groom concerning the hostelry matter?"

"Tut, 'twas no groom's hand that lit the incendiary's match, Angelo. Hark ye, my good leech! it is one of the debts which Charles owes to Louis of France. Enough! The poor clown whom your brother Campo Basso scourged, died innocent, though the Kerno's life was of small worth. Let these fellows go in peace!"

"Your grace shall be obeyed," said Angelo Catho.

"Attend me presently, Angelo, with some anodyne; for I fear a sleepless night. I would rest! I am weary of blood!"

The Duke dashed his hand quickly across his forehead and turned away. The physician made a sign of dismissal to the two riders of the roan, and Simon Gütt, who needed no further injunction, spurred the animal at once into a rapid pace, endeavoring to make the best of his way from the unlucky gates of Neale. Behind them, as they departed, flared up the flames that were consuming the devoted town, reflecting a fierce glow from the sky above to the surrounding country.

But the travellers were not yet out of danger's reach. The night had set in, and the highway was becoming sufficiently gloomy as it skirted woodland and precipice to inspire a feeling of uneasiness, when the bridle of the roan was suddenly grasped by a man who started abruptly from the roadside, at the same time that three others advanced from behind.

"Dismount and give up the horse, varlets," cried he who had grasped the bridle. "Such as ye may as well walk, when your masters would ride." The Swiss recognized in the voice which addressed them, that of the man-at-arms who had encountered them first at the gate of Neale.

"We have been bidden to go free by the Duke himself," replied Simon Gütt. "And we make the best of our way. Let us pass in peace, my good friends." As the serving-man said this, his companion, the youth, slipped quietly to the ground from his place behind.

"Ye may go where ye will, and the foul fiend go with you!" cried the ruffian who held the bridle, giving vent to an oath. "But I have set mine heart on this goodly roan, which shall presently bear a rider worthy of his mettle! So dismount, knave, and prate not."

"Ho, Moustache! forward!" exclaimed the youth suddenly, as he struck the horse smartly with his open hand; and no sooner had he spoken than the roan reared upward with a snort, and jerking his bridle from the hands of the ruffian who grasped it, struck forward at the instant with his fore foot, planting them full upon the breast of the soldier, who fell with a groan to the ground. At the same time Alphonse drew his poinard and made a lunge at another of the ruffians, piercing him through the breast ere he could interpose his own weapon in defence. The movement of the horse and action of the youth were so simultaneous and unexpected, that the two marauders rolled in the dust before their comrades were aware of danger.

"Now, Simon Gütt! wheel Moustache, and ride down another!" cried Alphonse in a loud tone, as he threw himself forward to meet the thrust of the soldiers, who, drawing their heavy swords advanced to cut him down. Simon Gütt, however, apparently astounded at the deed which the roan had perpetrated, seemed powerless to control the now furious animal. He kept his place while the steed reared and plunged, but his arm seemed nerveless to direct his motions. Meanwhile the two remaining ruffians precipitated themselves at once upon the stripling who bravely defended himself with his dagger. Could the serving-man have interposed at this juncture by urging his horse against the soldiers, Alphonse might have been less at disadvantage; but a moment's delay was nearly proving fatal to the youth, who, failing to sustain himself against a double assault, was presently beaten down by the curtal-axe of the foremost man-at-arms. Simon Gütt, just wheeling the roan, beheld his young master sink, and, thinking no more of contest, cast himself from the horse, and rushed between Alphonse and the sword which was again uplifted to strike. But at this crisis a new color was given to the conflict by the appearance of a man, who, wielding a heavy mace, suddenly sprang from the roadside, and swinging his weapon, at once shivered the soldiers' curtal-axe, and dashed it down to the ground beside his companions and the insensible stripling. The fourth marauder turned to fly, but not in time to escape a stroke of the mace which dashed the steel up from his hand, and stretched him headlong at a dozen paces distance.

"Lie there, dog of a Burgundian!" cried the mace-bearer fiercely, as he witnessed the effect of his last blow. "And now, in God's name, speak!" he continued, addressing Simon Gütt, who knelt over the prostrate youth, extending his arms as if he still would protect him. "Who and what are ye who have defended yourselves so valiantly against grievous odds?"

"Alas! I fear me he is mortally hurt!" cried the Swiss, heeding not the other's question, but bending over Alphonse, and uplifting his face which was now covered with blood. The mace-bearer stooped likewise, placing his hand upon the youth's bosom, and said—

"He is living! his heart beats! let us bear him hence!"

"Alas! whither!" murmured Simon Gütt. "There are none but hostile men behind us, and the night is wearing."

"I will presently bestow ye both in a place of safety," answered the other. "Let the youth be set upon yonder steed, and we will uphold him as we walk."

Simon Gütt obeyed the stranger's gesture by rising from his knees and securing the roan, which was now standing quietly at the road side. This done, Alphonse was placed upon the animal's back, his fainting form sustained by the two who walked beside. And thus diverging from the highway, the little troop entered into the woodland and pursued a devious path, dimly disclosed by the moonlight that now began to penetrate through the tree-tops. Upon the road, meanwhile, the four soldiers, three of whom were beyond all reach of succor, lay just as they had fallen in the thick dust.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FOREST LODGE.

The morning sun gilding mountain-brow, and bathing high forest-branches, slanting down eastern hill-sides, and kindling up dew-sprinkled meadows into a blaze of silvery light, that presently exhaled in golden vapor—penetrated, likewise, with a few beams to the open casement of a small cottage, a hunting-lodge, that was situated in a deep valley in the midst of an extended forest skirting the banks of the Somme, and extending, with intervals of open country, far away to the borders of Normandy. Much of the land, as we have remarked, was at this period overrun by wildernesses of woodland, in the intricacies of which roamed many varieties of game—the red fox, the stag, the wolf, and the wild-boar. A traveller might easily lose himself for days in one of these almost pathless wilds; for, save an occasional forester's cot, or the hut of a woodman, few denizens save brutes were to be found in the dreamy solitudes. Occasionally, indeed, in some deep ravine, or under the shelter of a mossy cliff, crowned by gnarled and stunted oaks, the cell of a religious recluse might be encountered, and its occupant, some gray-bearded, tattered devotee discovered at his prayers, or engaged in gathering roots and berries for his scanty nourishment. Otherwise these forest growths might be traversed for scores of miles without the sight of human face or the sound of human voice.

But the little lodge, through a vine-wreathed casement of which the morning sun now stole in chequered beams, was not rugged and homely like the retreat of an anchorite. It was situated upon a deep ledge in a narrow valley or gulch, reached from the upper wooded plain by a precipitous pathway, and was concealed effectually from the inquisitive eyes of chance wanderers in the forest by a half-circle of rocks at its rear, overcapped by wide-branching trees, which completely hid its roof, while on the borders of the ledge was a corresponding curtain or net-work of trees, screening the nook from all observation from any opposite point. Through this interlocked curtain of wood the eastern rays were now streaming, penetrating the interior of the lodge itself to a quiet room, plainly but neatly appointed, with modest hangings on the walls and rushes strewing the floor. A silken covered couch stood near the casement, and upon that lay the form of Alphonse the page, his eyes closed in sleep, and his pallid features faintly illumined by the shaded light that stole from without. Beside him upon a footstool sat a young maiden, whose lustrous eyes watched his sleeping features: and at a little distance, near the open door, beyond which could be seen a small garden, two other figures occupied oaken chairs, and were engaged in low conversation. The maiden whose golden-tressed head bent over the sleeping youth was Angela, whom we left at the close of a previous chapter, carried from the burning castle of Varens by the messenger Merindat. The two others who talked together, were the mace-bearer and Simon Gütt. The countenance of the former was grave and earnest in expression, whilst that of the Swiss exhibited marks of great wonder and interest in the matter of their conversation.

"Yea, Simon Gütt!" said Merindat, in measured tones, "thou hast soothly said that I have changed, and that I wear no more the smile which was wont to signify my merry heart. Put forth thine hand now, mine ancient friend, and fold down this green doublet o' mine. There, good Simon!" continued the mace-bearer, rising with his guest, and assisting the latter to shift the forester's garment, so as to exhibit his naked breast and shoulders. "What seest thou, Simon Gütt?"

"I see the marks of— Blessed St. Peter! what be those scores and deep wounds, say, dear master?"

"They are the welts and furrows of the lash, Simon Gütt!" cried the mace-bearer, with a vehemence that was startling, while a dark frown corrugated upon his forehead, and the veins of his face became filled with blood. "Hah! my friend! they are marks of the scourge, wherewith the flesh of a free Switzer was torn from his limbs by the flayers and butchers of yonder tyrant—Charles of Burgundy! Look upon them, Simon Gütt! behold the red brand of a free-born man's shame, and know by these stripes that I am changed—that I am no more the peaceful publican, Pierre Bart—but a blood-hound on the track of Burgundy's Duke."

"My master! my kind master! they scourged thee thus!" cried Simon Gütt, his eyes filling with tears as he regarded the discolored wales that still bore witness to the cruel flagellation which the landlord of the Blue Boar had suffered in the town-house of Liege by order of Charles of Burgundy.

"Ay, Simon Gütt! till I sunk like one dead at the foot of the scourging-pillar! And then, casting me into a dungeon, they would have done me to death by starvation and neglect, had not my spirit been as iron beneath their cruelty."

"But at last thou didst 'scape them!" cried Simon Gütt—"thou art free now, dear master Pierre!"

"Yes, Simon! I am free to follow the path of Charles the Burgundian, till I behold him sink, as I did, bloody and despairing. When the burghers of Liege, rising a second time against their Duke, cast open my prison doors and bade me arm myself and fight for freedom, I knelt at the scourging-pillar, and swore by Him who made me that I would henceforth war against the tyrant who had degraded by his lash and chain the limbs of a free-born Switzer. Did I not right, Simon Gütt?"

"Truly:" answered the serving-man. "But thou art wonderfully changed, dear master Pierre:"

"I am changed in all my nature," Pierre Bart replied; but at that moment a soft hand was laid upon his arm as he stood towering above Simon Gutt, his broad features almost savage in their serious aspect.

Angela had risen from her seat beside the slumbering Alphonse, and stolen to her protector's side.

"Dear father!" she murmured—"dear Pierre Bart! thou art not changed in love for thy Angela."

"For thee, little one! in love for thee!" cried the mace-bearer, drawing the maiden toward him, and clasping his stalwart arm around her slight form, while he bent his lips to her white forehead. "Never can Pierre Bart change in that, my child. But how fares thy patient, Angel? The opiate must have had marvellous effect, for he hath now slept a half-score hours. The fever hath left him, moreover!" continued Pierre Bart, advancing to the couch, and watching the placid features of Alphonse. "It did seem a grievous hurt that the lad received, when I dressed the wound last night, yet no vital part was endangered withal. Care and rest will soon restore him; for the blood of youth is fresh and healthful. He will sleep on, Angel, till the virtue of the powder be quite gone, and then, I trust me, all danger will be past."

"The Virgin grant it!" murmured Angela, as she again seated herself beside the couch; whilst Pierre Bart resumed the colloquy with his ancient servant. "It was of a surety great fortune that I chanced to encounter the villains who assaulted the poor youth and thyself," said the mace-bearer. "But thou hast not yet recounted thine own history since we parted, good Simon:"

"That can I speedily do, master," replied the serving-man, who thereupon proceeded to relate the circumstances attending his escape from the soldiers during the burning of the hostelry, and his subsequent departure from the Mill of St. Tron, in company with the Lady Margaret and her page.

"Thou didst follow my brother, Jean Schaeffer! Let me now learn—for I am impatient to hear—that my good kinsman is well."

"Alas! my master!" said Simon Gutt, "since that unlucky day I have never set eyes upon Maitre Jean! The Lady Margaret and master Alphonse yonder, did urge swift flight to our Swiss valley, where we have sojourned since; but Maitre Jean hath never returned to his native village. We had thought that he left St. Tron to fly with Angel to our ancient home! but here, truly, master Pierre, art thou, and Angel is with thee! but where is Maitre Jean?"

"Ay, where, indeed, is my poor kinsman?" ejaculated Pierre Bart. "Since the fatal night when Burgundian Charles entered my doomed house I have never beheld Maitre Jean! But the lady who accompanied thee to our country, Simon Gutt, where sojourns she?"

"In the valley of thy birth, master Pierre," answered the serving-man; "we three have dwelt a league from Basil, and thrice, with Alphonse, I have journeyed over mountains and plains, in search of Maitre Jean and Angel, whom we did believe must be somewhere together. At the last, we obeyed the commands of our dear mistress, the Lady Margaret, to return to France and seek out the Count de Varens, her father, who dwells in Gascony, that we might, peradventure, gather some tidings of Angel.—Praised be Heaven! what seemed our mishap and ruin last night, hath brought both Angel and my dear master to bless mine eyes."

"There is small need of thy journey to Gascony," said Pierre Bart, or Merindat, as he has been called, "the chateau of Sir Godfrey de Varens hath been burned as low as the Blue Boar hostelry, and its lord hath no dwelling now save his tent in the camp of Count de Dammartin.—But doth the Lady Margaret dwell secure at Basil?"

"Our cot is humble, but it is sheltered and quiet," answered Simon Gutt. "There have we dwelt in peace with our dear lady, who is good and gentle as sweet Angel herself. Nevertheless, at her earnest behest, Alphonse did undertake this journey to Gascony, that now, methinks, may end; since, I doubt not, my old master and Angel will return with us to Basil so soon as the youth be recovered."

"Simon Gutt, that may not be!" answered Pierre Bart. "I am now in another's service, and, moreover, have vowed a vow concerning both past and future, which I may not break.—Until Charles of Burgundy, the prince, falls low as did Pierre Bart, the publican, I have no home nor abiding-place!" The mace bearer paused, when he had spoken these words, and remained a moment, in the attitude of listening as for some sound without. Presently he remarked: "He is coming! I hear the signal!" As he said this, a shrill note, like the cry of a bittern, broke the silence of the valley; and Merindat, bidding Simon Gutt to remain within the lodge, went forth immediately. When he had gone, Angela took the serving-man's hand, and murmured:

"Listen, Simon Gutt! Tell me if the strange lady be still sorrowful as when she kissed me in the Blue Boar! Oh, I have thought so much of that lady since, Simon! But my father feared she had perished with thee and this poor youth, in the vaults! God was very good, Simon Gutt!"

"God was indeed good and merciful!" returned the Swiss. "Our dear lady offers praise and gratitude always for our great deliverance. She is not sorrowful, Angel, but marvellous sweet and serious; and thy name is ever on her lips! She never wearies of asking of thy childhood, and of our household life at the Blue Boar. I promise thee, Angel, thou wilt have Lady Margaret even as a mother, if master Pierre will but return with us to Switzerland."

"We will, dear Simon Gutt!" cried Angela.

But at this moment Merindat entered the apartment, followed by a young cavalier in armor, of a handsome figure and countenance.

"These are the guests of whom I spoke, my lord James," said Merindat, as he entered, pointing to Simon Gutt and the sleeping youth. "The one is somewhat seriously hurt by a sword-cut; and as both are kin, as I may say, of myself, I did use freedom with my lord's house in bestowing them here in safety."

"Thou hast done well, Merindat," said the knight, James de Grosset, in a pleasant voice. "It behooves us, however, to keep strict counsel touching this secret lodge; peradventure it may yet be refuge for others; inasmuch as the

Duke of Burgundy now holds the plains below, from Nesle, which he hath sacked and burned, to the good town of Roye, and hath, moreover, marched to the lands of Beauvoisis, threatening fire and sword. It is necessary now that a trusty messenger should bear instant news of all that hath occurred to the faithful town of Beauvois, where couriers of the King are in waiting; and I would have thee in saddle at once, good Merindat."

"I am ready!" said the mace bearer. He turned as he spoke, and bending over Angela, who extended her arms, kissed her fervently, bidding her nurse well the wounded youth now under her care. Simon Gutt opened his eyes in wonder at the abrupt manner in which his newly recovered master was about to leave him again: but Merindat whispered that Angela would explain all that was unintelligible, and then following Sir James de Grosset, who had retired to another apartment of the forest lodge, prepared to receive instructions for his errand.

The Knight de Grosset was a Breton nobleman, but warmly attached to the cause of France, and, moreover, one who mustered five hundred spearmen in the King's service. A portion of his estates lay within Picardy, and embraced not only a strong castle upon the great road to Roye, but likewise miles of the broken and mountainous country toward the border. The forest lodge to which the reader has been introduced as the dwelling place of Angela and Pierre Bart, with a single dependent in the person of an ancient female who acted as chatelaine of the place, was situated in the heart of the dense woodland, and, as we have seen, in the depths of a gulch or ravine far removed from all trodden pathways. It had been originally erected a century previous as a sort of forest-dwelling for the lord of the domains, where, during the season of the chase, he was wont to betake himself with a few friends, and thence rally to hunt the stag or wild boar. Since the accession of Louis XI., an edict of the King had forbidden his nobles to destroy the game even upon their own estates; and, moreover, the constant domestic brawls in which the country was plunged, had caused the sports of the chase to fall into disuse, save in the immediate circle that surrounded the monarch himself, who was a passionate lover of its excitement. Consequently while the forest-land of Grosset's domain was overrun with fleet venison and savory boar-meat, seldom, if ever, was huntsman's horn wound amid its intricate coverts; and for all purposes of social intercourse, an inhabitant of the lodge or grange we have described, was as much isolated from the world as if hemmed in by the wildernesses of Africa.

Brief was the delay of Sir James de Grosset in inditing a missive for his royal master, and confiding it to Meriudat, who, thereupon, left the lodge without again joining Simon Gutt or Angela, and proceeding without, found two horses saddled, the one bestridden, and the other held by a misshapen dwarf, who grinned satirically as the mace-bearer approached him.

"Ride fast and far, Master Merindat!" he chuckled, as the latter hastily possessed himself of the led horse's bridle and sprang into the saddle. "Charley the Devil rides after us all, and by my troth, I'd not give a hard for thy neck, master, between this and Beauvois."

"Prate not, fool," said Merindat, as he turned his steed's head to a narrow path skirting the cliff, and separated from the precipitous ravine by a border of trees, behind whose trunks he was soon lost to sight. The dwarf listened till the measured hoof-beats of the horse could be heard no longer, and then chuckling again, muttered—

"Go thy ways, Master Merindat, we will see who is the fool and who the knave. May the crows pick thee, say I. Ho, ho!"

"Well, *mauvais!* what laugheat thou at?" demanded the Knight de Grosset, emerging from the lodge, and approaching the dwarf, whose evil features were distorted by an expression of mingled triumph and malice. "Some new freak of mischief I doubt me! Get thee down, knave, and let me mount in thy stead: and see that thou doest the bidding of those within till I come hither again. Let thy zerving of the young maid be willing and faithful, and be sparing of thy jibes, or as sure as thy name is Raoul, I will have thee cudgelled." Saying this the knight leaped lightly into the saddle which the dwarf had hastily vacated, and giving a parting fillip to the latter's misshapen head, proceeded to follow the narrow causeway along which Merindat had just preceded him.

Raoul, as he had been designated, remained standing where his master left him for a few moments, and then turning toward the lodge encountered a fresh-looking woman, of middle age, clad in the dress of a female peasant, with short shirts and high head-dress, fashioned of gay-colored cloth, who greeted him good-naturedly as she drew near, with—

"God save thee, master Raoul!"

"If God save me, or Sathanas have me, it is nought to thee," said the dwarf, sharply.

"The saints preserve us, master Raoul! Wilt bite me with those white teeth o' thine?" exclaimed the woman, laughingly. "Now I wager my coif to the cock's-comb which thou oughtest to wear, that either our good lord Sir James hath berated thee, or thou art fasting for thy sins. Get in, man, and find bread and venison, to say nought of a stoup o' wine i' the larder."

"Dame Lucie, if I drink wine or break bread, it is my lord's and not thine, and I thank thee not for it!" snarled the dwarf, as he brushed past the housekeeper and entered the door from which she had come forth, conducting to the sewing department of the forest lodge.

"Well go thy ways, for a peevish varlet," said Dame Lucie, as, smoothing her apron, she arranged the crossed kerchief over her breast. Then moving a few paces to the open door of the shaded apartment in which Angela and Simon Gutt were attending Alphonse, she entered, with a low inclination and smiling face, as if nothing had happened to ruffle the calm of her temper.

Alphonse, awakened at length from his long and refreshing slumber, was now listening while Simon Gutt informed him concerning his present surroundings. But, feeble and suffering as he was, the youth's attention was enwrapt more by the sweet face of Angela than by the words of his companion. Those lustrous eyes, and that golden hair, encircled, it almost seemed, with the halo of a saint, floated before his fluttering senses like a vision rather than a reality. At first they seemed to present no fixed identity, but a dreamy form of beauty, whereof he could shape only outlines in his memory. But as he gazed, years fled away, and he recalled the Inn of St. Tron, the stern Sir Godfrey de Varens frowning upon his daughter, and that daughter clasping to her bosom a lovely, golden-tressed child—the same whom the Lady Margaret had sought in the valleys of Switzerland—whom she had mourned so long, so hopelessly. Alphonse was bewildered, yet strangely happy, as his look dwelt upon the maiden, and he smiled like a young child when the soft light of her eyes fell upon him. Simon Gutt drew near and pronounced his name, but Angela placed her white finger upon his lips, imposing silence.

"He must not be disturbed, dear Simon Gutt," she whispered. "My father said that rest and care will soon restore him, and then thou mayst talk to him without fear." Then rising she glided softly away, and went out to the shaded arbor that trellised the walls of the lodge, followed by Dame Lucie, the housekeeper, to whom she said, presently—

"Thou wilt see that the poor youth wants for no attention, Lucie—wilt thou not?"

"Oh, Ma'm'selle Angela!" returned the dame, archly, "he is a right proper, and fair-seeming youth, and will lack nothing that my poor care can bestow; but, by my troth, our good lord himself might grow jealous, if he saw what I have seen."

"And prythee, Lucie, what hast thou seen?" asked Angela, with great simplicity.

"Truly nothing but the youth's eyes, that were raised to thy sweet face, as one would lift them to a saint, when he prayed, dear ma'm'selle!"

"Go to, Lucie, thou art a sad flatterer!" answered Angela. "He did but strive to recollect my features, which he had perchance forgotten; for it is many years since I beheld the poor youth."

"Ay, ay!" said Lucie, "but I fear me, Sir James de Grosset will grow jealous of such looks; and I know well he hath set his heart upon making thee his bride when thou art older, and the cruel wars be over."

"Nay, Lucie! thou must not talk thus," replied Angela, as a serious shade began to overcast her beautiful countenance: "Sir James de Grosset is my father's protector, and as I well believe, my good friend; but he is a noble, and I am but of lowly lineage. It is not meet thou shouldst jest thus, Lucie."

"Jest or not, ma'm'selle, I know well that my lord loves thee, and is ever inquiring concerning thy health, and if thou hast thy every wish; and I know, too, even from ill-conditioned Raoul, the dwarf, that Sir James setteth great store by thee."

"Hush, Lucie! I like not that Raoul, who ever seemeth to regard one with furtive look. I marvel that Sir James entertaineth him; yet indeed he may be faithful and true, since appearances are not always to be our guide; so good Father Robert was used to teach me! Ah, me! if Father Robert were but here with us—then would I indeed have no wish ungratified."

"Hist—here is Raoul!" said the housekeeper, as the dwarf's shadow fell across the sunny sward, just removed beyond the trellis, in whose shadow they were standing.

Raoul, crossing from the kitchen where he had satisfied his appetite, toward a range of outbuildings, whereon were stalls for horses, looked up as if he divined that his name had been mentioned, and threw a passing glance toward them. There was no fixed expression in his regards, either of malevolence or spite; nevertheless, Angela's eyes fell at once, and she shrank, half-unconsciously, toward the cottage wall. Raoul passed on, and the sunlight was clear where his shadow had been: but the young maiden felt as if a cloud had moved in that instant over the dial of her sunny heart.

"Well, Lucie!" she said, after a short pause, "I prythee talk no more about our kind lord, Sir James; for what thou hast spoken of can never be."

"Oh, we shall see," said Dame Lucie, smiling, as she shook her head. "Nevertheless, it is thy pleasure, as well as my lord's will—and that is my duty—to see that the wounded youth be speedily restored. So I will at once bring to him a nourishing beverage."

"Do so—neglect nought, kind Lucie!" answered Angela, as she turned away to take the hand of Simon Gutt, who now appeared upon the threshold.

And Dame Lucie, true to her duty, spared no pains to make her charge as comfortable as the smart of his hurts permitted. Her skillful hand arranged the soft bandages which Angela previously prepared, and she provided posset and nourishing draughts to aid in the work of restoration.

Alphonse slowly but steadily began to improve; though as he grew easier, he could gladly have looked forward to a long imprisonment from activity, so long as a tender custodian like Angela held the keys of his durance. Sir James de Grosset came often during the past few weeks of his convalescence, and kindly inquired concerning his condition—exhibiting, indeed, no symptom of the jealousy which Dame Lucie had predicted. But at the end of a month, at which time Alphonse was able to walk feebly about the lodge, Sir James suddenly announced through Raoul that he was summoned to the camp of his sovereign; and shortly afterwards the dwarf himself took leave of the little household, upon order, as he averred, to rejoin his master. Simon Gutt, then, having by this time become familiar with his new abode, was installed as henchman or steward in the place of Raoul, and the summer advancing, beheld the small family drawn more closely together, day by day, with memories of the past and dreamings of the future.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COLONIZATION OF THE ISTHMUS.—When Mr. Thayer, of Mass., in the debate on the neutrality laws, took the ground that Central America would be colonized from the North and not from the South, and that, therefore, it would not add to the strength of the latter section of the Union, a great many thought he was not entirely earnest in his proposition; but the New York Post says that he has already commenced the organization of a company, which is expected to send enough emigrants into Central America within the year to found two substantial seaports at either extremity of the Nicaraguan route, and to put them into profitable relations with the agricultural interests of the interior. Mr. Thayer is experienced in this business, for he had a considerable share in colonizing Kansas.

A WELL-DRESSED and respectable-looking woman, passing a furniture store on Main street, Cincinnati, and seeing a dressing-bureau on the sidewalk, walked up to it, removed her bonnet, adjusted her hair, then drew a powder bag from her pocket, and proceeded to give her face an artistic and elaborate whitening. She was engaged five minutes in her labor, and although a crowd stopped and stared, she continued her toilette with imperturbable *sang froid*, and at its completion put her bag away, and passed on as if nothing had happened.

FROM EUROPE.

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW CONFIRMED—THE MINNESOTA AT HONG KONG—DEATH OF EARL SPENCER—BURNING OF THE STEAMER SARAH SANDS—THE SLAUGHTER AT LUCKNOW—BANK OF FRANCE REDUCES THE DISCOUNT RATE.

The screw steamer North America arrived at Portland on the 14th, with Liverpool dates to Wednesday, the 30th ult., four days later than by the Africa.

The Bank of France had reduced the rate of discount to 8 per cent.

The Earl of Spencer is dead. His son, Lord Morpeth, succeeds to his title.

The London money market was easier, and there was a prospect of a further decrease in the bank rates of discount.

Lord Hamerly is to be succeeded in the British Ministry by Lord Clanricarde.

The relief of Lucknow is fully confirmed by the details of the Indian mail. The slaughter of the rebels has been great.

The United States steam frigate Minnesota, with the Hon. William B. Reed, the U. S. Commissioner, had arrived at Hong Kong. Speedy operations against Canton are to take place.

INDIA.—The India papers are filled with details of the bloody struggles at Lucknow. The fight of the 16th November was the severest ever known. On the 19th, the enemy took to flight, and the firing nearly ceased. After their flight, the bodies of 150 Sepoys were counted in one spot.

When Sir Colin Campbell left Cawnpore, he rode forty miles in a single stretch in pursuit of the enemy. In the engagement, he relied on the artillery as much as possible, to save his men.

Nena Sahib, with all his men and baggage, joined the rebels at Gulauti.

It was reported that the King of Delhi's son and two nephews had been shot.

The correspondent of the London Daily News states that the rebels had placed a boy on the throne, and keep him in state at Fyzabed, a large walled city, defended by a fort of round towers. Here their last stand of resistance may be expected, and they had concentrated all their available force at that point.

The 31th native infantry had mutinied at Chittagong, and marched to Deeca. A force of one hundred Europeans had gone to intercept them.

The territory of Jawnpore was threatened by a large force from Oude.

Serious disturbances were expected to occur at Rajpootre, and European troops were urgently wanted.

FRANCE.—It is said that all the exiled Generals have received an unconditional permission to return to France.

The steamer Sarah Sands has been half destroyed by fire, but succeeded in reaching Mauritius with the troops on board. The troops on board the Sarah Sands worked nobly to save the vessel. Merely the shell remained of her, and there was 15 feet of water in her hold when she reached port.

COMMERCIAL, Dec. 29.—Flour is very dull at a decline of 6d@1s. Wheat is firm, red Wheat 6s 2d@7s 3d; white 7s 10d@8s. Corn dull and the market generally unchanged.

Another account says:—Prime qualities of American Flour are in fair request at fully previous prices, while inferior descriptions had suffered a decline. Wheat was held firmly, and on strictly prime samples an improvement of 2d @ bushel over the rates of the previous Friday had been obtained.

Beef is dull, but a better feeling prevails. Bacon dull. Lard dull and quotations nominal. Tallow—all qualities have slightly advanced and sales are quoted at 53s 3d.

LIVERPOOL PRODUCE MARKET, Dec. 29.—Produce generally is slow of sale, but prices are unaltered. The sales are unimportant.

Pot Ashes are quiet. Pearls dull. Sales unimportant.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The Cotton market closed firm. All qualities have slightly advanced since previous quotations, lower grades showing an improvement of ⅛d.

MANCHESTER MARKET.—The advices from Manchester are favorable, showing a better feeling among the trade.

LONDON, Wednesday, Dec. 30.—The Times' city article says:—"The funds opened steadily, and showed a tendency to increased firmness, until after the regular hours, when a sudden decline took place, which is attributed to operations in connection with the failure of a dealer, announced yesterday. Money was to rather increased request, but there was a full supply at 6¾@7¾ per cent. A considerable amount of gold has been sent to bank."

The Daily News says, *It is believed* in the Stock Exchange that the transactions of the bullion dealers above alluded to have transactions operations to extent considerably more than a million, chiefly of specie. The demand for money is moderate at the bank, owing to the fact that good bills are readily discounted in open market.

LONDON PRODUCE MARKET.—Breadstuffs quiet. Sugars firm. Rice quiet; all qualities slightly advanced. Tallow firm at 53s 3d. Coffee closed quiet. Linseed Oil quoted at 29s. Iron—Pig Iron, in Clyde, closed steady at 51s 6d@52s.

LATER.

The Cunard steamship America has arrived, bringing Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 2nd inst.

The cotton market has advanced for all qualities since the sailing of the North American for Portland, and closed with an advancing tendency. The quotations have advanced about ⅛d.

Breadstuffs were steady. Provisions quiet.

The loss of the rebels at Lucknow is estimated at 7,000.

The investment of Canton was expected to be complete by the 1st December.

The America brings $9,608 in specie.

The Money market closed slightly easier; rates of discount in the street were from 7 to 8 per cent. The Bank rate of discount has not been changed.

Among the passengers by the America are Madame Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt, (who was recently married to the Prince of Shalosky, in Paris,) and suite; Col. Charles Burgthal, of Philadelphia, bearer of despatches for the U. S. Government, from Paris; and Mr. Allibone (late President of the Bank of Pennsylvania) and family, of Philadelphia.

From the Times.

By the present time, probably, Canton has been attacked and captured. It has been determined to make the dispute entirely local. Should the Emperor answer the capture of Canton by the expulsion of the English traders from Shanghae, then indeed matters will grow serious, but should he determine that the Canton Governor and mob have been justly punished, it is possible that hostilities may be confined to the operations which were to be commenced in the north. The British have 7,800 men and 700 guns. The French can land 600 men. The two nations will act separately.

It is said that Spain will consider the mediation of England and France as ended, if Mexico refuses to accept all the conditions submitted. There is much activity in the Spanish ports, preparing for the expedition against Mexico.

NORTH-WESTERN SUGAR-GROWERS' CONVENTION.—On Thursday, 7th instant, a large number of sugar-growers met in convention in the Senate Chamber of the State House, in Springfield, Illinois. Interesting letters were read from Messrs. John Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Kentucky; Joseph S. Lovering, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; John C. Depe, of Gallipolis, Ohio; Brutus J. Clay, of Paris, Kentucky; and William E. White, of Aurora, Indiana—describing the various modes in which they had, severally, raised the Sorghum, expressed the saccharine matter, and made the syrup, sugar, &c. Samples by Mr. Lovering, of Philadelphia, were much admired. The Mechanical Committee declined recommending for adoption any particular mode of expressing the juice of the cane, but stated it as their opinion that an improved machine should be made of three smooth cast-iron rollers, which may be placed horizontally or vertically, and moved with a slow motion, not exceeding sixteen feet a minute; but whether it is preferable to use steam or horse-power, or what particular mill should be used, this Committee does not feel prepared to decide. It was afterwards decided to trust to the inventive genius of the country, and not make any mechanical recommendation.

At the beginning of the present year, the old method of reckoning currency in Canada, by pounds, shillings and pence was abolished, and the decimal system of this country superseded it. Decimal coins will be coined to meet the requirements of the law. They will probably correspond in value with our own.

FROM UTAH.

In addition to the favorable news from Utah, dated Dec. 12, given last week, we may state, that Colonel Johnson is so well assured that the Mormons will leave Utah, in the spring, that he asks for no increase of the forces now under his command.

Capt. Marcy has been sent to Taos and Santa Fe to obtain further supplies. Nearly two-thirds of all the animals belonging to the expedition have died.

The Mormons are preparing to leave for the British Possessions, and pioneer parties have already left.

NEWS BY WAY OF CALIFORNIA.—The Utah news by way of San Francisco is nearly a month later than the above. The Mormons at that time (Nov. 7) were talking very confidently, and in marked contrast to their tone as represented by the latest advices.

The proposition to declare Brigham Young "Prophet, Seer and Revelator" of the Mormon people, was sustained unanimously in the Tabernacle.

The force of the Mormons has been greatly over-estimated; almost every available man has been enrolled. In passing through the settlements, Mr. Bell found that the men generally had been called out to the mountains; and yet the whole force fell far short of ten thousand men.

The winter had set in with severity. In the city the snow was two inches deep, and in the mountains, where the Mormons were encamped, it must have been from six to twelve inches deep.

The Mormon army was in a very poor condition, badly clothed, poorly armed, and with very little provisions.

The families are represented as being in a suffering condition—wanting in provisions and wood; the winter already commenced, and the men all called off to the camps.

Several sermons of Brigham Young's are given, talking very boastfully of what the Mormons can and will do to the troops—that the Lord will deliver them into his hands, &c.

THE COUNTESS DE MORNY.—The house was crowded to suffocation, the Imperial box *alone* being unoccupied. The Count and Countess de Morny were present; and, for the first time, the Paris public were admitted to judgment on the charms which have been so much vaunted in the north and east of Europe. The result of the examination is not wholly in confirmation of the wide spread fame which these charms have acquired. The Countess's beauty is decidedly of the *petit genre*—soft, and not commanding—the great peculiarity of the style being the very dark eyes and very fair hair. This contrast gives a singularity to the countenance, to which we "men of the west" are totally unaccustomed. The youthful Countess was most simply attired, with no ornament whatever in her *coiffeure*, which consisted entirely of the plain, torsades and ringlets of her own magnificent hair. Great disappointment was experienced in consequence, as the contemplation of the splendid jewels, said to have been bestowed by the Emperor on her wedding, might be reckoned for a large share in the curiosity with which her presence was greeted. Much has been said of the dazzling whiteness of the lady's pearly teeth; but, on the evening in question, no opportunity was afforded for their display, as she did not once open her lips to utter a single word during the whole evening.—*Paris Correspondence of the Court Journal.*

Another Paris correspondent says: "Madame de Morny, it is now quite certain, does not 'take' in Paris, and, as yet, fashion decides against her. She is too little, and the strangeness of her pale, flaxen hair, with her inky, dark eyes astonishes, but fails to please the capricious Parisian society. Beside, she is said to be disagreeable and ill-bred; and, added to all this, she has a rival who carries everything before her, and who is the Queen of Beauty for this season, Madame Kerskakoff, a Russian also, who certainly is magnificently handsome, and on a grandly developed scale."

WHAT THE SPANIARDS SAY OF BRYANT.—The poet Bryant is now in Spain on a visit. A recent account says:—

"A pretty portion has taken possession of Mr. Bryant, and at her house we meet, informally, almost every evening, the most distinguished men in Spain—authors, actresses, politicians, etc., who seem eager to know and pay reverence to the American poet. His table is filled with copies of their works, which they daily send him."

(From Le Discussion.)

William Cullen Bryant, one of the greatest poets of the age, and undoubtedly the first among the Anglo-American poets, has arrived in Madrid. It is impossible to see this person without feelings of the deepest affection and respect. His face, whose long beard has that soft whiteness that light hair lends to age in the North, wears a certain expression that is only met with in beings equally endowed with genius and sensibility. There is in his sweet smile a slight tinge of bitterness, which reveals at once the struggle that goodness and wisdom have always sustained with malice and ignorance. There is something sad in his look, which shows the martyrdom of a spirit launched into the midst of the material enterprises of this manufacturing and commercial age. The poems of Mr. Bryant might be classed with those of Rioja. The nobleness of his thoughts, the truth of his descriptions, the delicacy and tenderness of his affections, are only equalled by Rioja. Welcome to our country be this son of the New World, and God grant that these climes, where his active intelligence comes to seek new impressions, may be propitious.

SEPOY ATROCITIES.—"We have been assured by a medical friend," says the "Medical Times," "that he has been consulted by a lady who has recently arrived at Bayswater, from India, whose nose has been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were all cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family escaped with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way of getting her ear-rings. Another friend is attending a lady whose nose has been split open, and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the Sepoys. We have heard from another source, quite beyond question (a lady who speaks from personal knowledge,) that there are several ladies now in Calcutta, who have undergone such unspeakable degradation that they obstinately refuse to give their names. They prefer being thought of by their relations in England as dead. There are also in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is 'Mamma's pet;' and that is all we are ever likely to know of her past history."

BAYARD TAYLOR—the distinguished poet and traveller—was, by last accounts, with his bride, at Gotha. He writes to the editor of the *Home Journal* that he has just returned from a brief tour to London, and was domiciled for the present at the Observatory, which is the residence of his father-in-law, the Professor of Astronomy at Gotha. His intention is to pass the coming winter in Greece, and the following summer in Russia—hoping to return to America in the autumn of 1858. He says:—"Dana sent me a brief account of your symposium, (alluding to a supper which some of his New York friends had in honor of his nuptials,) on the bridal eve. I wish I could have divided myself, so as to be there and here at the same time. You were all remembered, however among the wedding pledges given at the dinner. It was a happy thought to me that the day was celebrated at the same time in St. Petersburg, at Dresden (by some German authors,) by you in New York, and by my own family in Pennsylvania and Michigan. For a cosmopolitan like myself, nothing could have been more suitable and welcome."

RUPTURE.—Mr. A. D. Banks, the new House printer, and his partner, Mr. A. M. Reilly, have dissolved their connection in the South Side Democrat, on a radical difference of opinion on the filibustering question.

NEWS ITEMS.

ABIGAIL H. WHITTIER, the venerable mother of John G. Whittier, the poet, died a few days since at their home in Amesbury, Mass., at the age of 78 years.

AN Irish paper says that a baker's porter in Cork, named George Jennings, earning 9s. a week, has recently been declared heir to a property estimated at £3,000,000, together with an estate yielding £50,000 per annum, as the rightful representative of the Jennings, whose property has been for years in the English Court of Chancery.

HON. W. H. SEWARD AT A CORN SHUCKING.—Hon. W. H. Seward, of New York, at the invitation of the Hon. John S. Pendleton, paid that gentleman a visit, a few days since, the object of which was to witness a regular old-fashioned Virginia "Nigger" corn shucking. Mr. Pendleton being desirous that Seward, from what he would see there, would be convinced that slavery in Culpepper was not as bad as represented by anti-slavery men of the North.—The frolic passed off very pleasantly indeed, and no one was more delighted than the New York Senator.—*Harrison Whig.*

MISS BREMER, in a late letter to a friend in New York, from Switzerland, announces her purpose to pass this winter at Rome, and go thence to the Holy Land.

DURING the year 1857, there arrived at the port of New York from abroad, 184,773 foreign immigrants, being a higher number than has been reached since the year 1854. In the last ten years there have arrived at New York from Europe 909,268 Irish, and 825,753 German immigrants. Down to the year 1852, the Irish exceeded the German. In that year they were about equal, and since then the Germans have outnumbered the Irish.

THE Jerrold "In memoriam" money—the noblest tribute of respect raised by authors to a brother author—is sufficient to secure an annuity of $600 a year to Mrs. Jerrold and her unmarried daughter, and the survivors of the two.

IN laying a submarine cable for a telegraph between France and Algiers, it has been discovered that in some places the Mediterranean is 2,000 fathoms deep, or nearly 2½ miles.

MR. DOUGLAS AND HIS SOUTHERN PLANTATION.—The Vicksburg Southron says:—"As some explanation of the unexpected change in the action of Mr. Douglas, we may state that several months since the Illinois Senator disposed of his estate in Mississippi, and has no longer any tangible interest in the 'peculiar institution.'"

ANTI-RENTISM.—Two hundred and fifty farmers in Albany and Rensselaer counties, New York, have organized an association to defend against all suits brought by the Rensselaers. Auxiliary associations are to be formed in each town, and anti-rentism is to be carried to the courts of last resort.

THE Paris correspondent of the London Globe, writing on the 24th ult., says Grisi has turned a new leaf in her libretto. She is announced as a "medium" of no common performance; Home proclaiming her excellence in her new *role*.

THE Senate confirmed, by a vote of 26 against 23, the appointment of Nathan Clifford as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of Justice Curtis resigned.

DR. ANSON JONES, Ex-President of Texas, committed suicide, at Houston, on the 8th inst., by blowing out his brains. The cause of the act is not stated. Since Texas became one of the States of the Union, Dr. Jones has acted as a leader of the Democratic party, second in influence only to Houston and Rusk. He was recently a candidate for the United States Senate, but yielded place to Gen. J. Pinkney Henderson.

YRASSARI, on December 30th, as Minister of Guatemala, Nicaragua and Salvador returned thanks to the government of the United States for having taken away the adventurer, Walker, and his invading band from the point, of which they had taken possession, on the coast of Nicaragua. He says:—"The point from which Com. Paulding forced away these bandits—as such justly assimilated, by the laws of nations, to pirates and foes of mankind—is an almost deserted one, on which exists no Nicaraguan authorities that could have managed these felons in Nicaragua. Therefore he considers the proceedings of Com. Paulding against Walker and his hordes as entirely justifiable, for a man-of-war of any nation may take up pirates from a desert island or a point so thinly populated."

IT is stated that a letter, signed by a large number of Congressmen, had been addressed to Messrs. Lawrence, Stone & Co., of Boston, asking if the $37,000 disbursed by them in securing the passage of the last tariff bill was disposed of in Congress, and if so, who received it. It is also reported, that in case the information is not furnished, these gentlemen will be required to testify before a congressional committee. Mr. Lawrence is in Europe.

UNSEASONABLE.—A resident of Yonkers, N. Y., reports hearing a party of late or early frogs "peeping" very briskly on Tuesday morning, 12th inst. The violets are in bloom in sheltered spots in that vicinity, the grass is starting out, and the buds on a good deal of shrubbery in a very forward state.

MOBILE, Jan. 13.—There have been eight suspensions in the Cotton trade in this city within the past few days, and we are also advised of two in New Orleans, in addition to the three telegraphed last week. The suspensions were caused mainly by the heavy fall in Cotton that has taken place within the past month, rendering it impossible for the parties to meet their engagements which had been predicated upon the Cotton they held being worth from 11 to 13c per lb, instead of which it declined recently to 8¾, and is now only quoted at 9c.

THERE was a terrible storm in New Orleans on the 14th. Fifteen ships were injured, houses were unroofed, &c. The damage to steamboats is very great. The storm only lasted about half an hour.

CHEAP LIVING.—The last steamer from Europe brought letters from the Rev. Mr. Prettyman, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, residing at Shumla, in Bulgaria, in which that gentleman thus speaks of the price of food in that place:—"Shumla is the cheapest place to live in we have ever been in. A good sized loaf of bread can be bought for one and a half cents, a chicken for five cents, and eggs for two cents a dozen, &c."

MR. BUCKALEW, in the Senate of Penna., reported against the recommendation, in the Governor's message, for the erection of an executive mansion, accompanied with a bill appropriating $11,000 for the purchase of a house and lot on Front street, in Harrisburg, for the Governor's residence. The bill was taken up immediately, and passed finally, without opposition.

INDIAN SENSIBILITY.—In grading near the crossing of Broad and Main Streets, the workmen have been obliged to trespass upon the old burying ground of the Indians, and not a few skulls and bones have been thrown up. Day before yesterday, an Indian with his squaw and little boy happened to pass along just as the workmen struck an Indian mound. He stopped, and for a short time silently watched the men as they rudely cast its contents out of the way, but soon, overcome by his emotions, he commenced sobbing, and then sat down upon the ground, drew his little one to him and wept like a child. The kind-hearted laborers, in pity for his feelings, gathered the bones they had thrown out, covered them in the mound again, and retired to another part of the work till he went away.—*Red Wing (Min.) Sentinel.*

THE AREA OF UTAH.—The papers give the following item as to the extent of the Territory of Utah:—

According to Colton, the area of Utah is 269,170 square miles. To engineers and a few others this will give a just idea of its vast extent, but the majority of people will form a better estimate by being told that it is as large as the whole of the New England States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Or, to compare it with European countries, it is equal in extent to Great Britain and Ireland, Switzerland, Prussia and Denmark, with the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, Man, and the Ionian Islands added.

DETAILS OF THE CAPTURE OF COL. ANDERSON'S FORCE—ARGENT OF THE SAN JUAN BY CAPT. SANDS, OF THE SUSQUEHANNA—ANDERSON PRESSED BY COSTA RICANS—DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY BEFORE THE RETREAT.

The Aspinwall correspondent of the New York Times, gives the following additional particulars of the arrest of Anderson and his filibusters:—

Nicaragua and Costa Rica, in view of their common danger, it is presumed, came to an understanding on their differences, and sent four hundred men to San Carlos at the entrance to the Lake, and one hundred to Castillo. Anderson, finding himself closely pressed and likely to be more so, his stores being short, prepared the steamer Ogden, embarked his men on her, and then wrote to Capt. Sands, asking his views in regard to his surrender. Capt. Sands replied that he was ready to receive him and his men, if they came and delivered up their arms. Subsequently, Anderson spiked his cannon, burned all the buildings about Castillo, destroyed the machinery of a steamer at the Rapids, understood to be the Virgin, and having killed all the cattle and plundered all the merchandise within reach, started down the river. Capt. Sands came upon them under these circumstances, nine miles up the river, in the steamer Charles Morgan, full of armed men, and captured them, without any resistance, of course. The Ogden was placed in charge of Mr. Cottrell, U. S. Consul at Greytown, who has also charge of the Charles Morgan, until the rightful ownership in them is shown.

Capt. Sands thinks there is a little irregularity in the extreme measures he took, but as he was sent out to break up the filibusters, he thought this course the shortest, and the one likely to save trouble and suffering on all sides. He, like his Commodore, will doubtless be sustained by the *honest* public sentiment of the country, and they do not look for nor wish the approval of any other. Besides, it will be sustained by the President, if he is sincere in the very proper language he used in his message to Congress, and we have no right to charge that he is not, after the prompt course he took in the removal of the New Orleans Judge, and his suspension of Capt. Chatard from his command.

The filibusters have been transferred from the Fulton to the Wabash, and the latter vessel sails with them to-day for the United States, calling in at Boca del Toro and Greytown. Some twelve or fourteen of them are sick from fever.

Col. Anderson explains the matter of breaking the machinery of a steamer in this way. He says he unscrewed the cylinder head packed it into a box, and took it into the woods and hid it, so that the "enemy" could not use the steamer, as he expected Walker might be able to return, and would want her himself.

THE ANIMAL FLOWER AT ITHACA.

From the Hartford (Conn.) Times of Monday.

People have been incredulous of the story that a *flower*—stem, bud, petals, and all—had grown out of the leg of a bed-ridden, living boy at Ithaca, New York; but the fact seems to be even so. We have been shown, by one of our physicians, a daguerreotype of this singular object. It was sent to him by his brother, who had seen the original, accompanying the letter which we copy below. The picture is not a pleasant thing to look at. The flower is double-stemmed, and has two blossoms:

Dear Brother:—I send you a daguerreotype of the "wonderful phenomena" described by Dr. J. E. Hawley, of Ithaca, New York. I saw the flower preserved in spirits. Here is Dr. H.'s statement:

"Oliver E. Northrop is between thirteen and fourteen years of age. Have known him from birth. His mother died with consumption when he was a few months old. His father died of the same disease within twelve months. The child was feeble from infancy. When ten months old, a great tenderness was discovered about the right hip joint. At two years there was considerable swelling over the joint, which would alternately be relieved and reappear, until he *was five years old, when an abscess* formed on the *same side* between the hip joint and spine. This was opened and continued to discharge for six months.

"In his eighth year an abscess formed at the point of the first swelling, and afterwards a number of abscesses formed on the same side. The hip joint is dislocated, the limb drawn toward the body, and both the hip and knee joints are stiff. The left fore-arm is drawn up to the shoulder, and the elbow joint is completely stiffened. The condyles are as distinct as if they were not covered with skin. All parts of the body are in a similar condition, except those which are swelled. For the last four months he has lain in the same position, except one change of only about two inches.

"On Wednesday he spoke of feeling relieved, from an oozing, supposed to proceed from an abscess; would not allow it examined until Saturday, when his nurse saw a *stem*, three inches high, crowned with pure white buds. Being exposed to light, it assumed a beautiful grayish purple hue. The limb is immensely swollen. * * The case will be reported, &c., &c."

[Subsequently, it is said, another flower grew out of the boy's leg, and blossomed like the first. We believe the boy is now dead.]

RAILWAYS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The following table of the railroad lines in the United States is compiled from the American Railway Guide:—

Total number of roads in the 31 States	421
Length of lines projected, miles	28,127
Length of same lines, as opened, miles	23,365
Of which fully opened in 1857, miles	2,465

	Miles open'd.	Expend'res.		Miles open'd.	Expend'res.
Maine	541	$17,961,537	Ala'ma	364	$15,339,771
N H	536	17,197,248	Miss	177	5,515,000
Vermont	541	21,525,093	Louisi'a	336	11,522,262
Mass	1,203	63,764,310	Texas	147	3,000,000
R Island	93	3,000,000	Arkan's	200	775,000
Conn	649	26,348,963	Tenn	887	19,000,000
Total, 6			Kentky	1,136	34,197,454
N Engl'd			Total, 7		
States	3,517	$146,996,353	S West	14,349	$107,139,846
N York	2,930	180,871,264	Ohio	2,946	108,043,328
N Jer'y	859	28,000,000	Indiana	1,221	38,807,276
Penn	2,775	125,000,000	Mich'n	926	37,500,000
Del'ware	91	1,819,000	Illinois	2,465	135,166,209
Mary'd	380	14,337,931	Wisco'n	718	19,248,848
Total, 5			Iowa	356	8,917,555
Middle	7,035	$319,028,448	Missouri	347	19,140,247
Virginia	1,311	37,700,000	Total, 7		
N Caro'	225	11,128,456	N West	8,934	$370,236,371
S Caro'	742	17,000,000			
Georgia	1,251	24,275,153	Cali'nia	23	750,000
Florida	129	3,000,000	Grand to-		
Total, 5			tal	23,361	$913,148,800
South'n	4,681	$94,985,609			

The new roads fully open in 1857 to business are in—

	Miles.		Miles.
New England	73	Northwestern	737
Middle States	330	California	20
Southern	473		
Southwestern	615	Total miles	1,935

In the above table Pennsylvania appears, for the first time, as possessing a larger number of miles of railway opened than New York

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Steamship Star of the West, from Aspinwall on the 4th instant, arrived at New York on the 13th.

She brings the California mails to the 21st of December, and $1,600,000 in specie, and 187 passengers. The Star of the West connected with the steamer Golden Gate. The latter sailed from San Francisco on the *afternoon* of the 21st ult., with upwards of $2,000,000 in specie. About half a million of specie is on English account.

FROM NICARAGUA.—We have been unable to learn the precise particulars in relation to the surrender of Col. Anderson, but the passengers on the Star of the West, state that Commodore Paulding sent boats up the river to Fort Castillo, and commanded Anderson to surrender.—Whilst the negotiations were in progress, Anderson sunk one of the lake steamers in thirty-five fathoms of water, and before surrendering, blew up the fort, and destroyed all his ammunition. Colonel Anderson and his men are understood to be on board the frigate Wabash.

CALIFORNIA.—The California news contains no feature of striking interest.

Copious rains had fallen all over the State.

Business at San Francisco was exceedingly dull. Mercantile affairs were far from encouraging. The demand for goods from the country had almost entirely ceased.

Monetary affairs remain about the same as at previous dates. Money commands 2½ and 3 per cent per month.

The journals give gloomy accounts of the success of the miners.

The Mormons having all left San Bernardino for Salt Lake City, their farms were being sold at a ruinous sacrifice.

The Mariposa Fremont rancho was to be sold for the taxes.

A street affray occurred at Sacramento on the 17th ult., between Charles A. Sumner (a relative of Hon. Charles Sumner) and Henry Shipley, editor of the Republican and State Journal. Mr. Sumner was badly beaten.

General good health prevails throughout the State.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The Chinese sugar cane had been raised 16 feet in height on the islands.

There were fifty whalers at Honolulu, and as many more at other ports in the Sandwich Islands. It is estimated that the average catch has been about eight hundred and fifty barrels for each vessel.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The dates from Valparaiso are to the 12th of December.

The Government of Chili had made such concessions as were demanded by the public, and the fears of a revolution had ceased.

There was considerable pressure for money at Valparaiso, but few failures had taken place.

The Peruvian authorities had committed another outrage against the United States, having taken a sailor from the American ship T. H. Wales, and lashed him on a buoy for four hours, as a punishment for having struck a coolie on board the ship Wales.

Capt. Burr, of the Wales, protested to the Peruvian commander, against this outrage who, in a very insolent manner, told the captain that if he did not mind his own business, he would be put in the sailor's place.

The American Minister at Lima, was investigating the matter.

[*From the San Francisco Chronicle, Dec.* 20.]

Since the sailing of the last steamer we have received a large instalment of the winter rains. The farmers are now busily engaged in setting in their crops of cereals, and there is a fair prospect of a much larger surface of ground being planted this year than the last.

Thomas O'Larkin, Esq., one of the oldest American residents in California, forwarded to the East by the steamer of Dec. 6th, six baskets of champagne. They were sent as New Year's presents to the President of the United States and the two Senators and two Representatives in Congress from this State. The wine was of California growth and manufacture, and the baskets in which it was sent were manufactured in this city.

The *United States District Court has been* occupied for several days in hearing the testimony of Mr. James Alexander Forbes, in the cause of the United States vs. Androns Castillon, involving the possession of the New Almaden quicksilver mine. It is thought by many that the title of the claimants was obtained by fraud.

A man, by the name of Salmon, in El Dorado county, dug a lump of gold weighing nine and a half pounds, supposed to be nearly pure.

On Dec. 11, at Sonora, in Tuolumne county, Edward McCauley, R. Poore and David Lyon were executed for murder. Each confessed his guilt. There is the usual amount of murders, &c., recorded in the "Chronicle."

Messrs. Moore, Henshaw & Orde, in Butte county, have sued out injunctions against the miners and ditchmen, including many Chinamen, working and running water on their lands. They will be compelled to vacate their claims, though in many instances purchased in good faith.

The bed of iron ore in Placer county, discovered by Lovell, now lies dormant. If samples already sent East meet with favorable returns, Mr. Lovell intends to proceed to the Atlantic States for the formation of an iron company.

A kind of wheat, called Sonorian wheat, is being imported from Sonora, Mexico, for seed. It is said to be an excellent article—much superior to our common wheat.

The mines cannot be expected to yield largely for the next six weeks, as the months of December and January are generally too cold to carry on mining operations to advantage.

Eleven thousand bushels of wheat were raised in Carson Valley during the present season. The population of the valley is now just about what it was before the Mormons left, their places having in the main been supplied by new emigrants. When the Mormons left the valley, but two of their women remained, thus affording another evidence of the remarkable tenacity with which this people cling to their peculiar faith.

KISSING THE BABY.—A Paris correspondent of the New York Herald relates the following:—

"I will mention a trifling incident which occurred yesterday opposite my window, and which created more enthusiasm than I had ever witnessed on any previous occasion towards the imperial family. The little prince imperial was on his return home from the Bois de Boulogne, escorted as usual by a body of smart lancers, whose fluttering pennons danced gaily in the breeze, when the carriage of the Empress met him just as his cortege was ascending the brow of the slope leading from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice to the Arch of Triumph. The Empress made a sign for the carriages to pull up, and immediately afterwards the little Prince was conducted across the road to her majesty. The Empress taking him up in her arms and kissing him, held him out for the bystanders, who were now clustering in thousands round the carriages, to gaze at, and as the little fellow laughed and crowed, and waved his tiny hand, you could see the tears of delight rolling over the rough cheeks of men and women, while they poured forth their heartfelt benedictions upon him. It was really a pretty sight, and one that placed power and people in a most pleasant point of view. The fair Eugenie seemed to unite all hearts by her gracious and winsome manner: and as the little fellow was again conveyed back to his nurse's arms, and kissed his little fingers in token of adieu to those that looked on him so kindly many a stanch democrat for the moment ceased to think of the imperial dictatorship which was over the boy's future inheritance, and to remember only that he was a child of France, and a bonny one to look at."

A SWORD TO COM. PAULDING.—A subscription has been opened in the city of New Orleans, for the purpose of presenting Com. Paulding with a sword, for complying with the spirit of his instructions, and arresting Walker. The subscription also contemplates the honorable testimonial of a flag to the other officers and crew of the Wabash, for the same service.

NEWS ITEMS.

FRUITS OF "FREE LOVE" AND SPIRITUALISM.—Harlow Lewis, the husband of the lady whose name has become so notorious, in connection with that of Tyler, the "free love" preacher, has been pronounced by a jury to be insane, and a committee appointed to take charge of his estate.

DISCOVERY IN GOLD MINING.—An important discovery in gold mining is announced in Virginia. Under this process gold is readily extracted from the black sand which is found so abundantly in Virginia, and which is similar to the black sand of California. The yield from the pulverized ore of the mines is said to be from twenty to thirty dollars per ton. The plan has been put in operation by the Melville Gold Mining Company, in Orange Co., Va.

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—A school teacher in Brooklyn, N. Y., was recently sought in marriage, by a man who represented himself as a farmer, from the interior of the State. The young lady consented, and the wedding-day was fixed, when she discovered that her intended husband was a married man. She accordingly brought suit against him, and a Sheriff's jury gave her a verdict of $5,000 damages, the defendant having allowed judgment to go by default.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE "RELIGIOUS PAPER" THAT TALKS AS FOLLOWS!—The Gospel Banner says:—"Chicago is a poor place for a Yankee. The climate gives him the ague fever. The water brings on diarrhœa. The food, as cooked by the suckers, produces dyspepsia. The whiskey, tinctured with strychnine, makes him crazy. Or, if a temperance man, three per cent. a month is sure to bring on the blues. Throughout the entire western country, homesick men are pleaster than anything else. No more wise and prosperous men will emigrate thither by our advice."

THE Victoria bridge across the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, which has been in course of erection for several years, will be the largest and finest in the world. It is to be two miles long. The total amount of masonry in the bridge will be 3,000,000 cubic feet, which at 13½ feet to the ton, gives a total weight of about 22,000 tons. Fourteen of the piers are completed, and it is expected that eight more will be finished next season, leaving only two to erect in 1859. The total weight of iron in the tubes will be 10,400 tons. The bridge will cost about five millions of dollars.

LIFE INSURANCE CASE.—The State Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Worcester, Mass., resist the payment of $1,500 upon the life of Rt. Rev. Bishop Henshaw, who died suddenly of apoplexy in Maryland, in 1852, on the ground that the bishop had no right to go so far south as Maryland without their consent. His physicians depose that his death was not caused by any local or climatic influence, but was from "excessive labor in the service of his blessed Redeemer." The case is now before the Supreme Court of Rhode Island on questions of law.

BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.—At the recent term of the Circuit Court of Tazewell, Tenn., a fellow was arraigned for stealing a raw hide. He alleged that he had purchased it from a negro. The attorney for the Commonwealth admitted his statement and he was acquitted, but was immediately indicted for trading with a negro. Thereupon the accused introduced two witnesses to prove that he had stolen the hide, when he was of course discharged; and having already been tried for stealing he could not be tried the second time for the same offence, and he was turned loose unpunished.

A "MAINE LAW" ENVOY.—The new American Envoy at Berlin, Ex-Governor Wright, has created some sensation in diplomatic circles by his temperance principles. He lately gave a *Dejeuner a la fourchette* (breakfast) in honor of Alexander von Humboldt, on which occasion all American residents of Berlin, about forty, were present and introduced to the latter. At the *Dejeuner*, as well as at the dinners of Mr. Wright, in accordance with temperance law, but contrary to the German custom, there is no wine on the table; instead of which was an abundance of all sorts of American fares, made of Indian corn, etc.

LIVE OAK PLANTATIONS.—A plantation of live oak made by some careful public officer in West Florida, is said to be flourishing finely, and Col. Claiborne publishes a letter, in which he proposes to establish extensive plantations of this oak on reserved lands in Louisiana. He says the live oak grows there with astonishing vigor and rapidity. In seven years from the acorn it forms a beautiful shade. In twenty-five years it has the tenacity and durability of iron, and is ready for the axe of the ship carpenter.

FOR many years there has not been, at this season of the year, so great a fatality among the unacclimated as at present exists at Havana. It is stated by those resident there that more than one-fourth of all those who have visited that port since October have fallen victims to disease, which appears to be more virulent and unmanageable than for many years past.

GERMAN NEWSPAPERS.—It is stated that there are ten times as many newspapers printed in the German language in the United States as there are in Germany. This is certainly creditable to the German population of our country, and they are usually a thrifty, peaceful class of citizens.

PRICE OF SLAVES.—The Pendle (S. C.) Stor says:—"At the sale of Mrs. Bobo's estate, last week, forty-one negroes, old and young, brought *forty-one thousand dollars*. Some of them were mere infants, and some old negroes brought only *five cents apiece*."

A LAD of 19 years was lately married in the town of Grand View, Missouri, to a maiden of the ripe age of 78!

OHIO.—Resolutions, introduced by Mr. Phelps, (Dem.) have passed the Ohio Legislature against the Lecompton Constitution—in the Senate, 24 yeas to 14 nays, and in the House by 60 to 44.

WISCONSIN.—The Republicans have a majority in the Legislature. At a caucus held by the Democratic members, resolutions endorsing the course of Senator Douglas in regard to the Lecompton Constitution were adopted.

MISS E. E. BURBANK, of Palmyra, New York, was presented on New Year's day with $20,000 and a land warrant for one hundred and sixty acres of land, by her brother, who resides in Louisiana.

REV. Dr. Downey, the Catholic priest at Staunton, Va., who some weeks ago shot a young man in his house, has been fully committed for trial on the charge of murder.

R. M. MELLEN, the Chicago periodical dealer, who disappeared so mysteriously in May, 1855, we learn from the Chicago Tribune has returned safe and sound. Meantime his wife, supposing him dead, married a man by the name of Austin, between whom and Mellen a struggle is now going on for the custody of the lady. Mellen states that he was insane when he wandered away, and that he first went to Memphis, thence to New Orleans, and thence to California, whence he now returns.

THE Indians at Washington were very much amused with the electrical machine at the Smithsonian Institution. When undergoing the shocks they attempted to retain their impassiveness, for which they are so much celebrated, but it was no go; they had to knuckle to science, and, as one after the other of the astonished braves was doubled up, tumbled upon his knees, and knocked into a heap generally by the powerful battery, he was saluted by the most uproarious jeers and laughter by his fellows.

THE Central American Emigration Company has organized in Washington. A New York capitalist has been chosen President. This is one of the fruits of the speech of Eli Thayer, who is active in furthering the objects of the Company.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

Jan. 18.—The following sales were made at Wardell's Avenue D cow Yards:—Abrahams 25, Chester co, $5a6. Baldwin 60, do $5@6. Coates & Freiner 30, do, $5@6. Reidelbaugh 19, do, $4@5. McQuaid 25, Ohio, 7 @8½; J Carrin 25, do, inferior, $6@7; Frank 25, do, 7½ @8½; Cochalmer 25, do, 7@8½; Truman 40, do, $4@5; Neel & Co 20, Lancaster co, 7½@8½; Kennedy 20, Chester co, 7½@8½; McCurdy 30, Ohio, inferior, 7½ @; Crawford 25, do, 7½@; Eckman 25, Chester co, $6@9. Fuller 25, Fayette co, 7½@8½; Strickland 40, Washington co, 7½@8½; S Lamoun 30, Lebanon co, good, 9@9¾. Sheep—Sales from $3 to 4,50. Cows are selling from $30 to 45. Calves are worth from 5 to 5½c @ lb. Hogs—Sales at $5,50 to 6,25 @ 100 lbs.

ALABAMA LEGISLATURE.—*Montgomery, Jan.* 16.—On Thursday, the State Legislature passed unanimously in both branches, resolutions authorizing the Governor to call a State Convention if Congress refuses to admit Kansas with the Lecompton Constitution.

NEBRASKA.—On account of a dispute about the legality of the removal of the capital, the Territorial Legislature had split into two bodies the majority going to the new capital, Florence, and the minority remaining at the old capital, Omaha, in possession of the records.

GOV. WISE, of Virginia, it is said, is about to address a letter to the people of that State, in vindication of his position on the Kansas question, as defined in the letter to the Tammany Hall Sachems.

THE MINNESOTA CONSTITUTION.—WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—The Senate Territorial Committee resumed the consideration of the Minnesota Constitution this morning. Much surprise was expressed at the fraud that had been committed in sending to Washington the minority report instead of the one ratified by the people, and it was resolved to postpone all action upon the subject until the genuine document should arrive.

REFORMS AMONG THE JEWS OF NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal mentions the following recent modifications in the religious observances of our New York City Jews, who number, we believe, not far from 30,000:—

"The old style of singing in one or more of the up-town synagogues has given place to a modern choir, with organ and all the accompaniments. This has been done in the face of the most virulent opposition from the staid old Jews, and the infinite disgust of all who ask for the old paths. But the innovation does not end with the organ and the choir. The question of the day of worship has on many occasions agitated the Hebrews. Some are uncharitable enough to say that the Jews cannot afford to lose two days in the week, and as Saturday, their Sabbath, is one of the best days in the week for trade, and Sunday, our Sabbath, is one of the worst, it is proposed to adopt the Sunday of Christians. And this latter plan has already been put into practical use by the Rev. Dr. Raphall, who on Sunday last preached on the death of the late Judah Touro.

"Touro is the Girard of the Jews, and at the time of his death he distributed his immense wealth among the Hebrews in America, and an annual service is held in commemoration of his beneficence. It was a marked sight to see the synagogue of the Israelites open on the day sacred as that on which the Lord arose from the dead. It may indicate the near approach of that time when those who crucified the Son of the Highest shall, through their descendants, say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

Relative to the above, a Jewish journal, *The Asmonean*, says that the organ in the uptown synagogue has been there for ten years, and that the reason why religious services were performed in Dr. Raphall's church on Sunday, is "that the anniversary of Judah Touro's death on the 18th day of the Jewish month Tebeth, happened this year to fall on Sunday, and was kept on the Sunday—next year it will fall on the Saturday, and will be kept on the Saturday. But if the 'fullness of the Gentiles' is not to come in till the Rev. Dr. Raphall transfers the Sabbath service unto Sunday, the Mormons have abundance of time to do their work."

IT is said that a Conference of the Maritime Powers of Europe will shortly be held in London, to discuss the African emigration scheme, and its bearings upon the African slave trade.

THE grocery merchants of Nashville, Tenn., have in public meeting resolved to henceforward do nothing but a cash business.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan 18.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—Sales of 5000 bbls at $4,25@4,30 for common to good State, $4,50@ 4,65 for extra do, $4,45@4,50 for sup-rime Indiana and Michigan, $4,30@5 for extra do, $4,55@4,60 for common extra round hoop Ohio, $5,05@5,60 for good to choice do, $5,25@7 for extra Genesee and St Louis brands.

PROVISIONS.—Sales of 212 bbls of Mess at $11 50@12 for Prime, $11 for New Mess and Prime Mess, $14,75@16,00 for Mess, and $16,50 for Chicago Clear.

GRAIN.—Wheat—Sales of 6000 bus Chicago Spring at $1,01@1,03, and 1000 bush white Kentucky at $1,35. Rye is in moderate request at 71@73c. Corn is inactive, the arrivals are moderate, and the demand light.

OATS continue to sell in lots as wanted at 34@35c for common to choice 1857's.

WHISKEY.—The market is heavy. The demand moderate and prices lower. Sales of 200 bbls at 24c.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY

By R. R. JONES, Lantz' and Gentlemen's Saloons Nos. 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.			
Beef.		*Mutton.*	
Roasting rib, @ lb	12 a14	Leg, Loin, Chp @ lb	8 a10
Sirloin steak	12 a14	Breast and Neck	6 a 8
Rump do	10 a12	Young Lamb, whole	$3 a $4
Chuck pieces	8 a12	Whole carcase	8 a 9
Plates and navels		*Veal.*	
Corned	6 a10	Fore quarter @ lb	6
Tongues, fresh	65 a75	Hind do	11
Leg, each	$1 to $1,75	Chop	12½
Skin	25 a50	Cutlet	12½
Kidney	3 a12½	Sweetbread, each	10
Liver @ lb	6½	*Pork.*	
Dried Beef @ lb	16 a18	Young Pigs	$1 25 a1 50
Lamb.		Salt and fresh lb	12 a 14
Fore quarter	75 a87½	Pork @ set	19 to 31
Hind do	1 00 a1 12½	Tripe @ lb	4 a 6
Chop @ lb	10 a12½	Lard do	12 a 15
Calves Head, each	25 a31	Hams, sliced	11 a 12
		Sausage	10 a 12
		Bologna Sausage	10 a 20
VEGETABLES.			
Turnips @ bbl	25 a 50	S't Pot's @ bus	$1 25a1 75
do @ lb pk	12½a 14	do do @ lb	4 a 5
Beets bunch	4 a 5	Corn potatoes bu	1 10 a1 15
do @ lb	3 a 10	Cabbage ea.	37½a 12½
Salad bead	1 a 5	Onions	—al 25
		Carrots do	12
FRUIT.			
Apples @ bbl	$6al 00	Cranberries qt	10 a 14
do @ lb pk	12½a 25		
POULTRY AND GAME.			
Spring Chickens @ pair	37 a 42	Rab Pig's paper	25 a 31
Chickens @ pair	37 a 1 25	Woodcock	75 a 1 00
Pheasants	75 a 87	Prairie do	75 a 50
Snipe, each	37½	Canvas Back Ducks	$2@2 50
		Partridges pair,	62½@75
SHELLFISH.			
Terrapin (South)	12 a 16	Oysters, Alcesom	
do (Chesa & Del)	6 a 8	@ bbl	62 a 00
Lobsters @ lb	8 a 10	do @ M	4 a 5 00
Clams M	2 a2 50	M Blue Cove M	3 a3 50
		N Y do @ bbl	1 a1 25
FISH.			
Halibut @ lb	10 a12	Perch bunch	6 a10
Bass	6 a 9	Catfish	12
Porgies	— a 8	Eels	6 a10
Flounders	— a 6	Salt Shad @ lb	12
Cod	5 a 8	" Mackerel	12
Black fish	— a 8	Dry Cod	4 a 5
White Fish	— a 8	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6
Rock	10 a12		
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Butter @ lb	25 a35	Honey @ lb	20 a25
Roll do	18 a20	Sweet corn cake	2 a 3
Eggs doz	16 a20		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 333 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	28½	29
U S 6 per ct	—	—	Minehill	60	60
" "	107	—	Har & Lan	54½	55
" "	107	112½	Chester Val	39	41
" "	108	113½	Tioga	—	—
" "	—	—	" preferred	—	—
Penn 6 per ct	99	99½	P W & Balt	26½	27
" " new	97	97½	Long Island	10	10½
" 5 "	—	—	Wilksport & Elmira	10	10½
Cam City 6 per ct	—	—	Catawissa	6	7
Phila 6 per ct	—	—	CANAL STOCKS.		
" " coupon	—	—	Sch Nav	9	11
All'y City 6 per ct	—	—	" preferred	15½	17
" County	—	—	Lehigh Nav	57	57½
Alle co R R 6's	60	80	Morris consolidated	60	62
Penn	—	—	" preferred	99½	100
" 5 "	87	87½	C & Del	—	—
" " coupon	93	93	Union	—	—
Penn 5 per ct	87	87½	Sus & Tidewater	—	—
Kentucky 6 per ct	102	103	BANK STOCKS.		
Penn RR 6 per ct	93	94	North Amer	127	129
2d m't loan '53	93½	93	Penna	34	41
C & Am RR 6 per ct	73	75	Phila	104½	106
P G & N RR "	93	95	Far & Mec	53½	54
Reading RR "	72½	73	Commercial	44	46
" 5 per ct	87	88	N Liberty	29	32
" " Cp ct	90½	91	Mechanics	25½	—
H & Lan RR "	84½	85	Southwark	60	70
Cha Val RR "	91	93	P Township	31	35
Tioga RR "	75	80	Kensington	—	60
Phil Wil & Bal RR 6 per ct	95½	97	Girard	9	11
Long I RR "	—	—	Western	—	—
Sch Nav 6 "	87½	88	Manufacturers	22	25
Lehigh Nav "	89	90	Commerce	—	—
Morris "	90	92	Tradesmen's	—	—
C & D "	96	97	City	98½	99
Sus & Tid '72 "	87	87½	Consolidation	—	—
Union Canal	30	32	Commonwealth	18½	20½
Williams & Elmira 1st m't 7 per ct	98½	—	Corn Exchange	—	—
2d " 7 per ct	62	65	Pittsburg	—	55
Catawissa	33	34	M & M Pitts	40	—
North Penn 6 per ct	81½	82	La'ca Pitts	20	—
RAILROAD STOCK.			Kentucky	94	—
Cam & Amboy	99	104½	Louisville, Ky	107	—
Penna	69	69½	Farmers, Ky	104	110
Sus Meadow	54	54½	Chino, Nash, Tenn	—	—
North Penna	9½	10	Plant's, Tenn	—	—
Phil Ger & No	56½	56	Com & R Vick	—	—
			N O Gas Lt	115	116

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS

No. 20 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 18, 1858.

PENNSYLVANIA.		GEORGIA.	
Solvent banks	1½ dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
Relief notes	par	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
NEW JERSEY.		Solvent banks	3½ dis
Solvent banks par to 3 dis		ALABAMA.	
DELAWARE.		Solvent banks	2 to 5 dis
Solvent banks 1 to par		MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	uncertain
Baltimore	1 dis	LOUISIANA.	
Solvent banks 1 to 2½ dis		Solvent banks	2 dis
NEW YORK.		OHIO.	
Solvent banks par		Solvent banks	1½ dis
MAINE.		KENTUCKY.	
Solvent banks par		Solvent banks	1½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		INDIANA.	
Solvent banks par		State bank	1½ dis
VERMONT.		ILLINOIS.	
Solvent banks par		Solvent banks	4 dis
CONNECTICUT.		MISSOURI.	
Solvent banks par		Solvent banks	1½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		TENNESSEE.	
Solvent banks par		Old banks	4 dis
RHODE ISLAND.		MICHIGAN.	
Solvent banks 1 dis		Solvent banks	4 dis
VIRGINIA.		WISCONSIN.	
Solvent banks ½ dis		Solvent banks	4 dis
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.		TEXAS.	
Solvent banks ½ dis		Commercial and Agricultural Bk. Galveston	35 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.			
Solvent banks ½ dis			
CANADA.			
Solvent banks ½ dis			

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

INTELLIGENCE FROM INDIANA.

POWELL SLADE says:

ARLINGTON, Wayne Co., Ind., April 21st, 1857.

"Allow me to say that Hoofland's German Bitters have truly performed miracles in this part of the country, and there are some who can and do speak of its excellency and infusion merits. I send you the names of some who have been greatly relieved by it—J. J. Swing, Mrs. D. D. Carson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Mrs. John Minor, Mr. M. Reigle, Mrs. P. Sell, and many others."

These Bitters are intended for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and diseases arising from a disordered stomach. They will perform what it is said they will.

For sale by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle. See that you get Hoofland's German Bitters.

"HAVE YOU A SLIGHT COLD, A COUGH, OR pain in your breast?" This is a simple question; so simple that the reader may feel inclined to pass it by, without answering it, or even reading this short article. Now we earnestly, but respectfully, ask you to do both. Many of our most important duties are small, depending on things which in themselves alone considered, are trifles, but taken in connection with their consequences, lead to mighty results. What consequences daily ensue from what is called "a neglected Cold or Cough!"

Go into yonder chamber, and see how anxiously that mother watches her darling son! The disease which might have been arrested in its incipient stage, has been permitted to rest, until it has fastened its fangs deep in his system. Still none of the symptoms are decidedly against hope; the sufferer's constitution has not been weakened by intemperance, by irregularity of any kind, or by any previous attacks; so the chance of recovery is in his favor. He still sinks; but all maladies have their crisis, and she thinks every night that surely he will be better to-morrow. With what tender solicitude does she minister to the wants of his sick bed! How she watches his looks, and anticipates every wish of his heart. Day after day passes, and her hopes wax fainter and fainter. Every look of the attending physician is watched with an agony that has left its print upon her pallid cheek. At last the features of her son assume the rigid and marked aspect of death, and she cannot mistake the dim glare of the eye, before it shuts in everlasting rest.

He breathes his last upon that fondest of all fond bosoms—a mother's—and the strongest tie that bound her heart to earth seems snapt in twain! Is this fancy or is it fact? Fact, we answer, and we repeat it, that these lamentable results might be prevented by the timely use of an appropriate medicine. For nearly one-third of a century Jayne's Expectorant has been a standard remedy for all pulmonary affections, each year adding to its popularity by the thousands who have been cured by its use. To the afflicted we therefore say, get a bottle of this Expectorant, and by its use avoid the fearful consequences of a "NEGLECTED COLD."

The Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the United States.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS can use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" or Cough and Voice Lozenges as freely as requisite—containing no opium or anything that can injure the system. They are invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation.

THE MANY CURES OF DYSPEPSIA and kindred diseases performed by the UNFERMENTED Bitters, after all other remedies have failed, should be sufficient to induce every Dyspeptic to give the medicine a trial. Its success is wonderful.

A LADY

WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF GREAT NERVOUS DEBILITY, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp to pay return postage, Mrs. MARY E. DEWITT, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free, by next post. dec26-4t

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov28-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, at New Egypt, N. J. by the Rev. William Mann, THOMAS M. HOWARD, to ELIZABETH L. IVINS.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JAMES CLOWES, to Miss LOTTIE KIRKWOOD, both of Chester county.

On the 14th ultimo, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM R. FINCH, to Miss LOUISA MCKNIGHT, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Jenkins, Mr. JOSEPH L. NACE, to JENNIE C. JOHNSON, both of Philadelphia.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CASPER WHITEMAN, to Miss ANN DERRICK, of Manayunk.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. M. Gordon, Mr. LEWIS J. SCHAEFFER, to Miss VIRGINIA BROOKS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, THOMAS L. LEMPUS, of Cincinnati, to HANNAH A. THOMAS, daughter of Saml. Thomas, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th of Nov. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHARLES W. SHIELDS, to Miss ANNA M. E. BEAN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN P. MANN, of Baltimore, to Miss MARIETTA, daughter of Wm. Nowlin, Esq., of this city.

On the 5th instant, in Germantown, by the Rev. Geo. Quigley, Mr. WILLIAM T. STOUT, of Mercer county, N. J. to Miss SARAH D. HOFFLICH, of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th Nov. 1857, at China, Wyoming county, N. Y. ORLANDO WATERMAN, a son of Major Eli Waterman, aged 23 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. JANE SMITH, aged 62 years.

On the 17th instant, Miss CHARLOTTE S. BUNNER, aged 56 years.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM WILLIAMS, aged 28.

On the 12th instant, Mr. SAMUEL GORDON, aged 82.

On the 16th instant, in Williamtown, Chester county, JANE GRIFFITH, aged 80 years.

On the 10th instant, BETSEY, wife of the late Wm. M. France, aged 63 years.

On the 11th instant, ENOCH REVICK, aged 91 years.

On the 11th instant, JAMES MCADAMS, aged 62 years.

On the 11th instant, in Wilmington, Del., RACHEL CATHARINE, wife of John V. Gresham, aged 32 years.

On the 8th instant, Mr. SAMUEL P. SHEETS, aged 23.

On the 9th instant, SALLIE T. wife of Samuel R. Moore, aged 21 years.

On the 10th instant, HANNAH HART, aged 20 years.

On the 10th instant, HENRIETTA BYERS, wife of Chas Fortner, aged 42 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE HUPLEY, aged 68.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. MARY JANE, wife of Johnston Stevenson, aged 41 years.

On the 6th instant, SARAH, wife of Adam Hess, aged 38 years.

On the 6th instant, Mr. JACOB LICHTEL, aged 87 years.

On the 8th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Henry Dettrick, aged 54 years.

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EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.

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AGENTS WANTED! Extra inducements for 1858

All persons in want of employment will at once receive our CATALOGUE OF BOOKS for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with about ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas.

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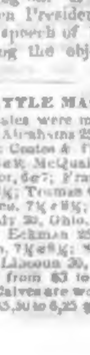

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both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other satisfactions of the best French, English and German manufacture, it received the award of the Great Medal at the *World's Exhibition in London*, as the *best artificial limb known*. In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the highest or first premium. And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only Silver Medal given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Wit and Humor.

O'CONNELL AND THE IRISH BANK CRISIS.

A run was being made for gold by the peasantry of the surrounding counties: and crowds of clamorous frieze-coats might be seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in L———. The —— Bank, however, (which has since proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland,) enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon. I had a few of their one-pound notes, though I believed they were very good, if people would only have faith in them; still, as I feared the panic itself might bring about the catastrophe it apprehended, and it was *sauve qui peut* everywhere, I thought it would only be prudent in me to save myself: so I mounted my nag, and trotted with my bundle of notes into L———.

On arriving at the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and men, and men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, and I could hear the exclamations, "There you have torn the coat off my back making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shilling note, as if it were a pack-load of ten-pounders you had."

"Arrah, ye'll be all served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd. "Here's the Counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, I could see approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

"Let me pass, my good friends," said he, "and you shall all be served." And he pushed shoulder foremost through the crowd, who made way for him, and gave three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a hurrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door, "Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his hand: "Didn't I tell you the Counsellor would settle it? There they are at it, hard and fast, as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winky, and they're shovelling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled praties from a pot," and he blew again upon the sovereigns, and held them up to be touched. Seeing and feeling was believing, and there, sure enough, was the gold, warm, as if from the crucible.

"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing: you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that."

My curiosity was at its height, so, with one tremendous effort, I gained admission, and there, sure enough, were the clerks ladling out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might roasted chestnuts.

They say the *ruse* was not a new one, and that O'Connell only revived it, in the case of the ——— Bank: but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged in the back-parlor heating the sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire; and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibles in the back-parlor.

The plan had a double advantage—it inspired confidence, and made the process of money-taking so slow on the part of the public, who were perpetually burning their fingers, that the bank, with a very limited supply, was able to meet a demand which, under the circumstances, was necessarily slow. The clerks could serve the people as fast as the people could count the hot sovereigns.

The *ruse* which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and he thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven could never, of course, want gold in the imagination of a simple people.

PERFECTLY COOL.—A waggish friend of ours tells the following, which we do not remember to have seen in print:

A certain man, whom we will call M———, was noted for possessing great courage and presence of mind, and the crossest wife in the neighborhood.

More than one attempt had been made to frighten M———, without success; but one dark, stormy evening, one of his brother chips, resolved to see if there was any scare in him, fixed himself up in the most ghostly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of wood through which M——— had to pass on his way home.

The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when M——— hove in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice, commanded him to stop. M——— did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—*I married your sister.*"

A NEW IDEA, AND A GOOD 'UN.—Brown tells us an anecdote which he heard on a recent visit to one of the Western States, of a witty lawyer who, in ridiculing the decisions of a certain Judge (who was in the habit of deciding wrong rather more than half of the time), said—"If he would only toss up a copper and say, 'heads for plaintiff, tails for defendant,' his chances to decide justly would be at least equal, which, on the whole, would be pretty fair judicial success: but the old fellow is so infernal perverse, that he *actually violates the doctrine of chances!*"—*Post.*

TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.

Bursting of old Mrs. Twaddle's Aqua-Vivarium. The old lady may be observed endeavoring to pick up her favorite eel with the tongs, a work requiring some address.—*From the London Punch.*

MR. SERVANT DORR.—Many years ago, when as yet there was but one church in the old town of Lime, Conn., the people were without a pastor. They had been for a long time destitute, and now were on the point of making an unanimous call for a very acceptable preacher, when a cross-grained man by the name of Dorr, began a violent opposition to the candidate, rallied a party, and threatened to defeat the settlement. At a parish meeting, while the matter was under discussion, a half-witted fellow rose in the house, and said he wanted to tell a dream he had last night. He thought he died and went away where the wicked people go, and as soon as Satan saw him, he asked where he came from.

"From Lime, in Connecticut." I told him right out.

"Ah! and what are they doing in Lime?" he asked.

"They are trying to settle a minister," I answered.

"Settle a minister!" he cried out. "I must put a stop to that! Bring me my boots! I must go to Lime this very night!"

I then told him, as he was drawing on his boots, that Mr. Dorr was opposing the settlement, and very likely he would prevent it altogether.

"My servant Dorr!" exclaimed his majesty, "my servant Dorr! Here, take my boots; if my servant Dorr is at work, there is no need of my going at all!"

This speech did the business! Mr. Dorr made no further opposition; the minister was settled, but his opponent carried the title "*My servant Dorr*" with him to the grave.

UNUSUAL READINGS.—A pious old grandame, illustrating the power of the Creator to a bevy of children's children, desired their especial regard for that impressive paragraph in one of the Books of Moses, where we are told that "God smote Abijah, the Hittite, that he died." Like the illustrious dam of the precocious Ike, however, she was prone to introduce her first conclusions with a solemn preambulatory lecture, and so, after having prepared the young minds of her audience for the solemn truth, she gravely peered over her venerable specs, and mentioning chapter and verse, read with impressive dignity:—"And God smote Abijah, hi-to-ti-te, *that* he did." In this connection, it may be reported, that one of the pupils of a city school, the other day, reading a chapter about the "Sacred Redeemer," astonished the class by reading to them concerning the merciful kindness of the "scared reindeer." In the same category may be mentioned the preacher who, preparatory to his regular discourse, read a chapter, as usual, from Holy Writ. At the bottom of the page he read "I am"—but accidentally and unconsciously turning two leaves, he proceeded—"an ass," but discovering his error, he turned back a page, and continued, "that I am," greatly to the edification of his attentive flock.

TWO OF THEM.—Among the outside shows at the Great Fair at Buffalo, were "*The Cattaraugus Fat Girl*," weighing five hundred pounds, and "*The Celebrated Cattaraugus Pig*," whose weight exceeded that of his rival by some eight hundred pounds. A bland visitor of these curiosities asked after the general health of the "Fat Girl;" how *long* she had been growing; how much *broader* than long she was; and the like innocent and natural questions, which were courteously and satisfactorily answered. At length he capped the climax of his laconic inquiries by asking, pointing with his cane to the huge grunting porker, gyrating his great white perforated trumpet-nose in a corner of the tent, "*Twins*, madam, may I ask?"—"Sech rath!" as Mr. K. N. Pepper would say; she endeavored to rise and follow the inquisitor, as, with his friend, he retired toward the door of her tent; but a weight heavier than that which weighed down Giant Despair held her in check, and the two unchristian "*Hopefuls*" managed to escape. The question was wrong and unnecessary.—*Knickerbocker.*

NEW ANECDOTE OF CHARLES LAMB.—I opened the little low pew-door of the inclosure at the India House, which contained his desk, being determined to introduce myself; so I walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said, with a respectful bow: "Mr. Charles Lamb, I believe?" "Y-e-s," said Lamb, slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers, "y-e-s, they call me Lamb yet, *but I am old enough to be a sheep!*"

☞ The editor of the New Idea, at Samida, Shelby county, Iowa, advertises for somebody to purchase a half-interest in the concern. Who wants to become the proprietor of "half an Idea?"

THE VETO GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA.—The Camden (Ala.) Republic tells the following, in explanation of which it may be remarked that the late Governor of that State was somewhat inclined to vetoes:

On the morning of the inauguration, an honest, but illiterate farmer, was going into the city of Montgomery on horseback, when he was overtaken by a resident of Macon county, a lawyer, with whom he fell into conversation, in the course of which the following colloquy ensued:

Farmer—Whar be you bound, stranger?

Lawyer—I am going to Montgomery in order to be present at the inauguration of the new Governor, which takes place to-day.

F.—The new Gov'nor; who's he?

L.—Why, don't you know that Gov. Winston's time has expired, and we are about to install Andrew B. Moore, of Perry, in his place?

F.—What? Put in Moore in place of Winston?

L.—Yes, Mr. Moore has been regularly elected to fill that position.

F.—Well, stranger, you may as well go back agin—*Winston'll veto that thing, sure as you are born!*

A PRETTY GOOD ANSWER.—A little five-year-old friend of ours was the other day puzzled, as many an older head has been, in trying to form an idea of the *spirit* as distinct from the *body*. We endeavored to explain.

"You said you loved me just now?"

"Oh, *yes—best!*"

"*What do you love with? your forehead?*"

"No."

"Your hand? your foot? your cheek? your eyes?"

"No—no—" and the inspiring hand fluttered from one member to another as they were mentioned, pausing at last over the *heart*, with a triumphant, "Oh, I know *now* what I love with—its—its—its *the piece that joggles!*"—*Portland Transcript.*

HORSES IN MANILLA.—I shall describe a little christening-party I was at some nights ago. We went at about nine P. M., found the room full of mestizos in bright-colored sayas. The decorations were capital. As I told you before, everybody lives up stairs; and the houses are only one story high, on account of earthquakes. Every house of pretensions has the lower part built of stone, with a large *porte cochere*. This lower part is the coach-house, as every one keeps a carriage here. You then mount a flight of stairs, at the top of which you find yourself in the drawing-room, visible and open as a landing in England. If belonging to an Englishman or an American there will be a punkah, the natives dispensing with them. The next room will be the sala, looking into the street. There are oyster-shell windows to shut during the day, and jalousies for the night, or vice versâ: but in the evening everything is open. There are bedrooms at the back of the house. You don't get into bed here, but lie on mats, which are put on to the bedstead—four-posted always, to fix a mosquito-curtain. The kitchen arrangements are very French, but wood is used instead of charcoal. The boys cook admirably. The floors are of beautiful wood, well cleaned, and shining, as in Paris. The wooden, or upper part of the house, projects about two feet all round beyond the stone or lower part: above is the tiled roof, projecting and extensive, to keep off the sun.

HANDEL'S RAPIDITY OF COMPOSITION.—The motion of Handel's pen, active as it was, could not keep up with the rapidity of his conception. His MSS. were written with such impetuosity that they are difficult to read. The mechanical power of the hand was not sufficient for the torrent of ideas which flowed from that volcanic brain. Mr. V. Novello, the learned publisher, who seems to have well studied the MSS. at the Fitzwilliam Museum, seeing a page on which the sand is still upon the ink at the top as well as at the bottom of the page, left in the book the following observation:—"Observe the speed with which Handel wrote. The whole of this page is spotted with sand, and consequently must have all been wet at the same time."

SNAKE CHARMING.—In Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," it is asserted that the magicians of Egypt employed this art in converting their rods into serpents, as narrated in Exodus, vii., 12:—"We may infer that they used a real serpent as a rod—namely, the species now called *haje*—for their imposture; since they no doubt did what the present serpent-charmers perform with the same species, by means of the temporary *asphyxiation*, or suspension of vitality, before noticed, and producing restoration to active life by liberating or throwing down."—*Notes and Queries.*

Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A man was cured of hydrophobia in Italy lately, by swallowing vinegar, in mistake for a medicinal potion. A physician at Padua heard of this, and tried the remedy on a patient: he gave him a pint of vinegar in the morning, another at noon, and a third at sunset, which cured him.—*Scientific American.*

SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—Cut two or three good sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, &c., in the sick room in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purpose. They should be changed every six hours.—*The Builder.*

TO MAKE PUMPKIN PIES.—Take a good ripe pumpkin, pare and cut into good sized pieces, then *grate* it, and put into the milk, the same as in the ordinary way; put in your eggs, allowing one to a pie, one tablespoon of ginger, one of cinnamon or allspice, according to your taste, and you will have a delicious pie.

CALVES' FOOT JELLY.—Four feet, one gallon of water boiled to one-half do., and stewed all night; add the juice of four lemons and the rind of one cut very thin; the whites of nine eggs and shells well beaten together; one-half pound lump sugar; a pint and a half of sherry; one-fourth of a pint of brandy.

VALUABLE LINIMENT.—As for liniments, the best I know of for horses or human beings, for sprains, swellings, (slight, consequent on blows, &c.,) in horses, and sore throats and rheumatism in horse-masters, is as follows:—Equal parts of hartshorn (aqua ammonia) oil origanum, olive oil, gum camphor, laudanum and spirits turpentine—all best quality—to which add three parts good soft soap. I have used this for several years.—*Country Gentleman.*

SALT A UNIVERSAL REMEDY.—I had just finished reading Prof. Johnson's remarks on Mr. Cleveland's theory of salt as a "*universal expounder*," and a "*universal remedy*," when over went my ink-stand upon a beautiful light drab table cover, to my great consternation, as my wife had often cautioned me against this very thing. I rushed for the *salt* cellar, and emptied its contents over the black mass of ink, and in five minutes the stain had wholly disappeared! I doubted Mr. Cleveland's theory before, but ought I to doubt it any longer?

There is one point, however, in which my experience differs from Mr. Cleveland's theory—I emptied the salt *over* and *upon* the ink, and it *descended* into the cloth and effected the desired object.

One thing is certain, whether salt be a universal remedy or not, viz.: *it will surely, if applied immediately, prevent ink stains.*—*Country Gentleman.*

HOW TO MAKE AN ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—The following receipt for making this renowned pudding, without which no English set dinner would be complete, will be found to be all that a first rate pudding demands:

Take half a pound of flour, a pound of stale bread-crumbs, a pound of beef-suet chopped fine, a pound of currants, well picked, washed and dried, a pound of raisins, stoned and chopped, three-quarters of a pound of soft sugar, a quarter of a pound of candied orange and lemon peel, an ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of ground ginger, a nutmeg (grated), twelve bitter almonds (blanched and grated), and a little salt: mix these well together; then beat up seven eggs, strain them through a sieve, and add a little sweet milk, if required.—Stir this well into the other ingredients; make it thick, but not too stiff. Just before you are going to boil it, stir into it a glass of rum or brandy, scald a cloth, flour it and lay it in a basin; pour in your pudding: then have ready another cloth, also scalded and floured, which lay over the top, tie it round tightly, and put it in boiling water, of which there should be abundance, as well as plenty of room. Keep it boiling for six or seven hours. When it is done, take it out of the pot, let it stand a few minutes to cool, or dip it into cold water. Then turn it into a dish, and serve it with candle sauce. A plain pudding may be made by using less fruit and spices.

SECRETION OF TEARS IN INFANTS.—It is a curious fact, which is yet unexplained, that very young infants never shed tears when they cry. When once this secretion is established, it may cease during a course of disease: and children then cry without shedding any tears. Trousseau regards this circumstance, when it occurs, as one of bad omen.

Agricultural.

POTATO ROT, CAUSE AND REMEDY.

Speculations respecting the cause and preventive of potato rot, still prevail. We have recently received a letter from Joseph S. Barber, M. D., of Annisquam, Mass., in which the Dr. recalls to our mind his suggestions made to us some years ago in regard to the cause of potato rot, and his proposed mode of preventing it.

In 1851 he stated to us in a letter that he had discovered the disease called potato rot to be "mildew" of the plant, and recommended that the potatoes should be planted very early or very late, in order that they might either get ripe before the season arrived when they would be liable to be attacked with the disease, or if planted late, would not be sufficiently developed at that season to be susceptible of its influence, as it required a co-operation of circumstances of time and growth.

Last week, he writes us that from successive years of experience he has proved his theory to be correct. By planting in April so as to have the potatoes ripe in July, or by the tenth of August, they will escape the rot. If you cannot plant then, omit it until the 15th of July, so as to ripen late.

The Dr. says that he has tried his method for thirteen years, and it has never yet failed. From his experience he is able to demonstrate that the potato must be in a certain stage of growth for the virus to have its full effect on the tuber—that if struck and killed while two-thirds grown, they will not rot. The Dr. ought to submit his theory and results of his experiments to the Massachusetts Board that have the disposal of $10,000 premium, offered by the Legislature of that State to the man who shall discover the cause and preventive of this insidious disease. If he is right, he will have a strong claim to the bounty.—*Maine Farmer.*

PLANTING A WALNUT GROVE.—As near as I can recollect, about twelve years ago I planted a row of these nuts south of my house, on the edge of the ploughed land. I planted in the fall soon after the nuts fell, *four feet apart*, with a hoe, about two inches deep, as we used to plant corn down east. The next spring they came up with the other plants. I kept the stock from them for four or five years. The most of them grew rapidly; but they were too thick, and some are now dwarf trees, four to six feet high, while those that got the start went right up, and in six or seven years from the planting they bore walnuts, and they continue to bear and grow so that this fall I had several bushels of nuts, and have planted a piece of two acres west of my house with them. These I put ten or twelve feet apart. I think it would be better to plough your land as deep as you can before planting. I think it will make little difference whether you plant this winter or as soon as the ground opens in the spring. Keep the weeds down and the stock from them, and there is no danger but you will have a grove far more beautiful than the locust; besides, the advantage of timber and the nuts.—*Cor. of Prairie Farmer.*

Another correspondent of the same paper, says he planted five acres of walnuts in 1843, and that a large portion of the trees are now standing, and are from 20 to 35 feet in height, and 8 to 10 inches in diameter.

SETTING FENCE POSTS.—We hear frequent complaints of the perishableness of fence posts set in the ordinary way. And to the suggestion that the lower end of the posts should be charred, it is replied that while charring benefits the outside of the timber, it cracks it open so that water penetrates the wood still further, and causes a rapid decay in the interior.

Let us, then, make another suggestion. Char the lower end of the post for eighteen inches or two feet, so that about six inches of the charred part will be above the surface of the ground. Have in readiness a kettle of hot coal tar, (a cheap article,) and plunge into it the lower end of each post; or apply the tar with a brush, taking pains to get it into the crevices. A second application is desirable, as soon as the first becomes dry, and will make the timber water-proof for many years.—*American Agriculturist.*

TICKS ON SHEEP.—If sheep are fed grain or oil cake meal, as they ought to be, I will warrant them free from ticks. It will be far more profitable than sulphur. I have some hundreds feeding; let any man come here at the end of March, and see if he can find two ticks to a hundred sheep. I guess he won't, unless I have one that may have been sick—possibly it might have some. But some will say, we cannot keep stock sheep like men who fat sheep for market—but let me tell those farmers that they should keep their stock sheep in such condition that they won't breed ticks. Sheep pay badly that raise ticks. Sheep farmers, will you take notice of that?—*Country Gentleman.*

"OLD MAN ELOQUENT."—The title "Old Man Eloquent" belongs by right of priority to Isocrates, who was so affected by the news of Philip's victory over the Athenians at Chæronea, that he immediately expired. The patent was bestowed by John Milton in a sonnet to Lady Margaret Ley:

> "Daughter to that good Earl, once President
> Of England's council and her treasury,
> Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,
> And left them both, more in himself content,
> Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
> Broke him, as that dishonest victory
> At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
> Killed with report that old man eloquent."

CASTE IN INDIA EXEMPLIFIED.—I was much amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of one of her uncles, a civilian, who was extremely particular about high-caste servants, and who treated them magnificently, dressed them in English broadcloth, &c. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner, and, the dinner being delayed long after the guests were assembled, proceeded at once to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found his servants all standing in a row, each man proving his orthodoxy by solemnly spitting on a fine ham which was about to be served up to the company.—*Mackenzie's Six Years in India.*

Those rags we cast aside
In old days. Memory gathers, hoarding them
In silent chambers where, as Alchemist,
Secret she works. One day she opes the door
And the old rags are gold.

☞ Blankets were first made at Bristol, England, by a poor weaver named Thomas Blanket, who gave his name to the peculiar manufacture of woollen cloths.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 20, 3, 16, 2, 6, were a German tribe of an early day which filled Europe with their fame.
My 18, 12, 17, 11, 20, is a post-office in New Hampshire.
My 6, 17, 2, 16, 1, is a city in Egypt.
My 7, 20, 12, 6, 6, 14, 9, 1, 18, 20, 7, is a village, in Centre county, Pa.
My 21, 9, 20, 14, is a city in Russia.
My 2, 5, 13, 15, 17, is an island in America.
My 16, 20, 22, 20, is a county in Missouri.
My 15, 8, 9, 13, is a certain number.
My 19, 3, 20, 6, are what you see every day walking in the most prominent streets in Philadelphia.
My 20, 20, 16, 3, 20, 4, is a post-office in Massachusetts.
My 25, 12, 23, 4, 6, you will find every week published in one of the columns of The Saturday Evening Post.
My whole were two distinguished American Revolutionary Patriots. JOS. G. STOKE.
Pleasant Gap, Centre Co., Pa.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 12, 17, is one of the staples of the United States.
My 11, 12, 4, is a liquor.
My 4, 6, 15, 16, 5, 6, is a man's name.
My 5, 23, 7, 27, 9, are the sweets of life.
My 9, 10, 5, 11, 25, 5, is a girl's name.
My 14, 23, 18, 19, 6, 20, is a cant phrase for drunkenness.
My 21, 18, 1, 6, is a place of confinement.
My 23, 19, 16, 4, is used on every farm.
My 24, 16, 11, 12, 13, 25, 3, 19, a name given to a former President.
My 26, 18, 16, 11, 15, is a musical expression.
My whole is an article that no farmer or planter should be without.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 13, 12, 8, is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 5, 3, is a river in Ireland.
My 3, 9, 13, is a town in China.
My 4, 12, 7, 1, is a county in Indiana.
My 5, 2, 9, 3, 11, is a county in Texas.
My 6, 8, 12, 5, is a city in Europe.
My 7, 1, 9, 10, is a coast on Upper Guinea.
My 8, 15, 3, 1, is a river in the Western States.
My 9, 5, 15, 13, 7, 15, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 5, 9, 15, 3, is a city in India.
My 11, 2, 12, 9, 8, is a county in Ireland.
My 12, 5, 13, 7, 11, is a county in Tennessee.
My 13, 6, 5, 3, 9, is a county in North Carolina.
My 14, 8, 10, 10, is a county in Kentucky.
My 15, 8, 9, 12, 3, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My whole was a celebrated Irish poet.
Cape Island, N. J. JOHN H. McKENNA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Loud blows the blast, the windows all
Within their casements rattle;
And all the elements without
Seem fierce engaged in battle.

Cold is my *first*, as cold can be,
Grim winter reigns o'er all;
Driving mankind within their homes,
My *second* to the stall.

Within a stately mansion fair,
Where many lights are shining,
Is something fair, need I tell where,
Upon a couch reclining.

She had been sleeping, but my *whole*
Disturbed her quiet rest;
So, reader, I will not tell more,
But leave it to be guessed. CINEAS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My *first's* a covering for hose,
'Tis often seen upon a toes;
My *second* is well-known to those,
Who playing cards delight to be.
My *whole's* composed of iron or wood—
'Tis generally *understood*.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is early spring-time
Puts forth its beauteous flowers,
My second is what all things have,
And increases every hour.

My third is used by fishermen,
And sometimes with much gain;
My whole was a line of Kings
That o'er England did reign.

Pittsburg, Pa. L. A. M.

ANAGRAMS ON NAMES OF CELEBRATED WRITERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sick Ned	Romeo
Tom Lin.	B Rnns.
She man	Is U Grey No.
Rat Hackey.	Name J.

W. S. R.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The top and bottom of a hollow pyramidical frustrum are both squares; the depth is a mean proportional between the top and bottom, it infull of water and if it be turned over till the surface of the water just touches the upper edge of the bottom, 153-481 of the water will be poured out; and its slant height is 25 inches. Required—the depth of the frustrum, and the side of both ends?

Venango Co., Pa ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why is an echo like a certain body of water? Ans.—Because it is a sound.

☞ What portion of wood resembles a certain kind of rope? Ans.—A cord.

☞ What business does every young man under twenty-one years of age follow? Ans.—They are all minors, (miners.)

Paquea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. R. HOWRY.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOMETRICAL ENIGMA.—Multiply the sum of the two parallel sides by the perpendicular distance between them, and half the product will be the area. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The war in India. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Falls of Niagara. CHARADE.—Wallace (Wall-ace.) RIDDLE.—Money. RIDDLE.—Flambeau. ANAGRAMS.—Bermuda. Magenta. Portugal, Iceland. Ireland. Nantucket. Hebrides. Jamaica. Waygatch. Minorca. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—18821 rods.

DISAGREEABLE TRUTHS.—Don't flatter yourselves that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity, which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell them. Good-breeding never forgets that *amour-propre* is universal. When you read the story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas, you may laugh, if you will, at the poor old man's delusion; but don't forget that the youth was the greater fool of the two, and that his master served such a booby rightly in turning him out of doors.—*Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.*